"LINKS OF LOVE AND GOLD," BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM, BEGINS NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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WHEN BULLETS FLEW;

OR, THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE GIRL. By Frances K. Breedin.

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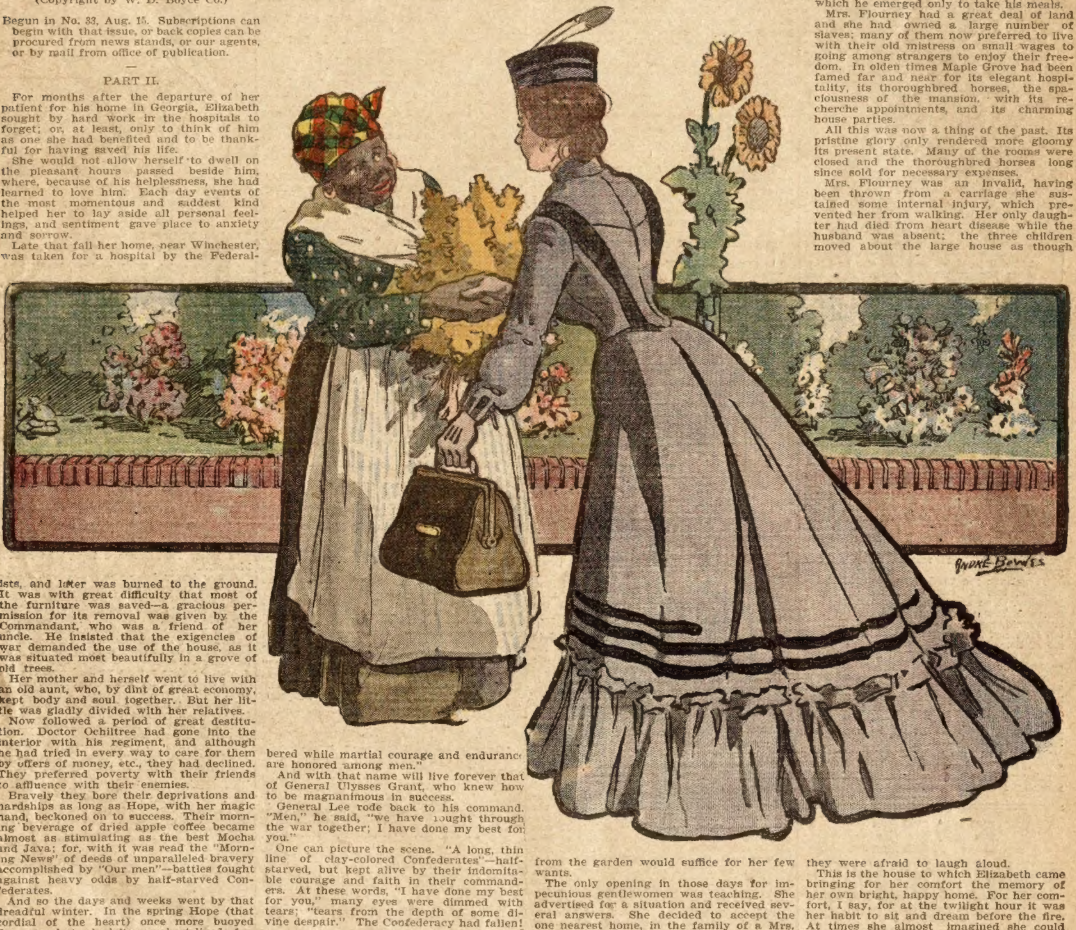
PART II.

For months after the departure of her patient for his home in Georgia, Elizabeth sought by hard work in the hospitals to forget; or, at least, only to think of him as one she had benefited and to be thankful for having saved his life.

She would not allow herself to dwell on the pleasant hours passed beside him, where, because of his helplessness, she had learned to love him. Each day events of the most momentous and saddest kind helped her to lay aside all personal feelings, and sentiment gave place to anxiety and sorrow.

Late that fall her home, near Winchester, was taken for a hospital by the Federalists, and later was burned to the ground. It was with great difficulty that most of the furniture was saved—a gracious permission for its removal was given by the Commandant, who was a friend of her uncle. He insisted that the exigencies of war demanded the use of the house, as it was situated most beautifully in a grove of old trees.



Her mother and herself went to live with an old aunt, who, by dint of great economy, kept body and soul together. But her little was gladly divided with her relatives.

Now followed a period of great destitution. Doctor Ochiltree had gone into the interior with his regiment, and although he had tried in every way to care for them by offers of money, etc., they had declined. They preferred poverty with their friends to affluence with their enemies.

Bravely they bore their deprivations and hardships as long as Hope, with her magic hand, beckoned on to success. Their morning beverage of dried apple coffee became almost as stimulating as the best Mocha and Java; for, with it was read the "Morning News" of deeds of unparalleled bravery accomplished by "Our men"—battles fought against heavy odds by half-starved Confederates.

And so the days and weeks went by that dreadful winter. In the spring Hope (that cordial of the heart) once more buoyed them up; but, alas! it was short-lived; for, on April 9, 1865, the death-knell sounded—"Surrender of Appomattox Court-House."

It seemed incredible! Winchester was enveloped in gloom.

They tried to hope even against hope. But it was "confirmation strong" when the poor worn-out Confederates came home—dejected and sorrowful at the failure of their cause; but not humiliated, for it was more than mortal man could do to fight against the world. General Grant showed a soldier's respect for a gallant enemy by permitting them to keep their side-arms, horses, etc.

"Less pleasure take brave minds in battle
won,
Than in restoring such as are undone."

"No triumphal display, unbefitting the close of a contest whose honors lay mainly with the vanquished, gratified the exultation of victorious troops or the resentment of a faction; no military humiliation, no parade of piling arms or defiling before the conquerors, was imposed on the remnant of an army whose name will be remembered while martial courage and endurance are honored among men."

And with that name will live forever that of General Ulysses Grant, who knew how to be magnanimous in success.

General Lee rode back to his command. "Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together; I have done my best for you."

One can picture the scene. "A long, thin line of clay-colored Confederates"—half-starved, but kept alive by their indomitable courage and faith in their commanders. At these words, "I have done my best for you," many eyes were dimmed with tears; "tears from the depth of some divine despair." The Confederacy had fallen!

"The land I love is stricken now.
O, Sunny Southland! Woe the day
When Hope forsook thy radiant brow,
And faded all thy stars away."

The next year her mother died, and a few months later her aunt. The latter had been living off the interest of a small sum which Elizabeth inherited. This (with two lots and the home place) enabled her to build a small cottage on the site of the old mansion which had been burned. Through the kindness of friends she sold the two lots advantageously. As she had promised her mother to take care of Mammy Peggy this was the only way she could do so.

When the debris had been cleared, the garden replanted, and grass sown over the bare places made by the fires, she had the home furniture placed in the rooms; and such an air of comfort prevailed she felt truly thankful. To be sure, she would be obliged to make her living; but this modest cottage would be her home when too old to struggle with the world.

In the meantime, Mammy could take care of it, and the sale of vegetables and fruit from the garden would suffice for her few wants.

The only opening in those days for impecunious gentlewomen was teaching. She advertised for a situation and received several answers. She decided to accept the one nearest home, in the family of a Mrs. Flourney, in Lower Virginia.

Maple Grove, the name of the place to which she was going, was said to be one of the most beautiful plantations in the State. The owner was a widow and considered very wealthy; but on account of her exclusiveness she was not popular.

She offered Elizabeth a liberal salary for teaching her three grandchildren whose mother had died a year before.

The morning she started "to make her living" she felt quite like a heroine. Her friends flocked around her, and Mammy Peggy clung to her until the last moment.

Poor Mammy! She would miss her sadly! This was the first separation from her. But few persons—indeed, none but those who have been reared in the South—know how strong is the tie which binds the "Mammy" to her "ole Mis's chile." And the child loves her colored Mammy as much as her mother, in early childhood.

Elizabeth received a cordial welcome from Mrs. Flourney and her son-in-law, Mr. Page. The latter had shut himself up since his wife's death, never going anywhere; but was devoted to his books. His "study" had become a kind of prison, from which he emerged only to take his meals.

Mrs. Flourney had a great deal of land and she had owned a large number of slaves; many of them now preferred to live with their old mistress on small wages to going among strangers to enjoy their freedom. In olden times Maple Grove had been famed far and near for its elegant hospitality, its thoroughbred horses, the spaciousness of the mansion, with its recherche appointments, and its charming house parties.

All this was now a thing of the past. Its pristine glory only rendered more gloomy its present state. Many of the rooms were closed and the thoroughbred horses long since sold for necessary expenses.

Mrs. Flourney was an invalid, having been thrown from a carriage she sustained some internal injury, which prevented her from walking. Her only daughter had died from heart disease while the husband was absent; the three children moved about the large house as though they were afraid to laugh aloud.

This is the house to which Elizabeth came bringing for her comfort the memory of her own bright, happy home. For her comfort, I say, for at the twilight hour it was her habit to sit and dream before the fire. At times she almost imagined she could feel her mother's hand upon her head, and her gentle voice saying:

"You have done well, my child."

Mrs. Flourney was obliged to lie down a great deal; but it was her custom to be rolled into the parlor after the six o'clock dinner to hear Elizabeth sing. Afterward the children begged for a story, and then were sent to bed. Elizabeth soon followed to her own room, which opened into the nursery.

Fortunately for her, the monotony of the life, with the early hours for retiring, made time fly; and before she could fully realize it, spring had come.

One bright April morning she longed for a walk. All nature was stirring. The winter's sleep was over. She, alone, seemed hopeless and miserable; for, in spite of her noble efforts to get good out of her life, there were times when the loneliness made her feel almost desperate.

Little Rob was spelling out his lesson in a drawling tone. "'The c-a-t cat, r-a-n ran, by the r-a-t rat.'"

"Rat," repeated Elizabeth.

"I did say that, Miss Burwell," said the child, in a cross tone.

"Oh, Rob, darling, do try to read faster, or I shall go to sleep."

"It is so warm!" he answered, yawning. "Madge and Daisy are watching that bird's nest outside the window. It has a nest in the lilac bush. Please, Miss Burwell, let's have recess, please."

"Bring me your writing first."

When the capitals and pot-hooks were examined the children were sent out to play for a half hour.

Oh, the blessed relief! Teaching in hot weather was a perfect martyrdom. She loved children when she could go away when they worried her—children at large—but to be shut in from the brightness of the morning was another thing.

Left alone, she glanced around to be certain no one saw her, and then she drew from her pocket a letter received the day before. It began:

"My Dear Nurse: I have had trouble with my wound, and am very unwell. Natuarlly my thoughts turn to you at such a time. Now, I have no charming nurse to sing to me; nor read to me; nor—shall I say it—soothe my troubled spirit. Claire says she hates a sick room; but graciously condescends to sit with me awhile, 'between the lights.' After supper I hear her singing in the parlor to her admirers, for she has many. She believes in having several strings to her bow. 'Who knows,' she wisely remarked, 'what may happen?' Who, indeed? In your last letter you told me of your new home. Why do you teach? Have you not an uncle somewhere in the North? I can see you now frowning; but, my dear nurse, it would be far better for you to be with him than to lose the bloom and freshness of your youth shut up in a school room. I hate to think of you imprisoned for hours; but, no doubt, your elevated sense of duty supports and strengthens you. You see, I have not forgotten your treatment of me. Do write soon. I need a cheering word, for I am suffering in mind and body. Wishing you every blessing, I am, always yours, Hampton."

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This must apply to an old man as well as a young one, for there was no other way to account for the change in Mr. Page. After dinner he lingered in the parlor to hear Elizabeth sing. Various excuses were made to take the children long walks; sometimes in the morning, but oftener in the afternoon; and, of course, she must accompany them.

The balmy spring air, freedom from the school room, and the pleasure of having some one to talk to, caused an exhilaration of spirit and light-heartedness she had not felt since her mother's death. She had been so lonely, she would have welcomed any one who could converse, even on the most trivial subjects; how much more Mr. Page, a very intellectual man, whose life had been devoted to literature? She could not help feeling elated at being able to draw him away from his much-loved books. She knew she was the magnet, for such knowledge comes quickly to women.

The spring passed, and in two weeks she would return to Winchester. It was a beautiful night—bright moonlight. Mrs. Flourney was persuaded to sit longer than usual on the piazza.

"And I cannot induce you to remain a month as our guest?" she said, as Elizabeth took the seat by her.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Flourney, but Mammy would never forgive me. She has been counting the days."

"We would try to make it pleasant for you and it would leave two months to be with your friends; of course, you are coming back to us in the fall?"

"I shall be only too glad to return if you wish me to do so."

"And won't you remain now as our guest?"

"It grieves me to decline your kind invitation, but I cannot disappoint dear Mammy. You know what she has been to me, and how she longs for my return. I am afraid, too, she is not at all well. Dear old Mammy! She represents all that is left me of home."

"We are a dull household and not gay enough for the young, I am afraid, but I honor you for thinking so much of your 'Mammy,' as you call her. I hope yet, you may change your mind and stay." Saying this, she called the servant to roll her chair into the house.

Elizabeth arose to go with her, when Mr. Page said:

"Won't you stay until I smoke this cigar?"

"You will find me very stupid, for the moonlight saddens me."

"That is not strange; there is sadness underlying everything in nature."

"I do not mean a mere sentimental sadness," she quickly answered. "I have had a remarkable experience by moonlight."

"Will you tell it to me, or is there any reason why I should not hear it?"

"I should like you to hear it," she said.

As she pictured the battlefield and the succeeding events, he listened attentively, unconsciously drawing his chair closer to her, when she told of the parting.

"Is that all?" said he, at last, with a sigh of relief, but doubt in his tone.

"The story is ended," she almost whispered.

"May there not be a sequel?" he inquired.

"That is impossible."

For a few moments both were silent, then in faltering tones he began:

"As moonlight saddens you it may not be a favorable time for me to ask you a question of vital importance—at least to me. Yet, I cannot let you go away without asking it."

"Do not ask it if you doubt the propriety of doing so."

"You mistake my meaning; not the propriety, but the time."

She knew now it had to come, although she had purposely told him of the night on the battlefiefild hoping he might be deterred from addressing her.

He threw away his cigar, and was silent so long she again arose to go.

Roused from his reverie, he exclaimed:

"Pardon me, do, and listen to my story. It is a preface to the question. When my dear wife died a year ago I thought there was no more happiness on earth for me. For months the sunshine seemed a mockery. I missed her sadly, for we were everything on earth to each other. Then you came. I was a silent observer of your noble and unselfish character; but I did not want to love you. You made me do so; and it has come to this—I cannot live without you. My question is, Will you be my dearly loved and honored wife?"

Looking up he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I am sorry you asked me," was all she could say.

"I cannot take that answer. Think it over, and write to me from Winchester. Promise to try to like me."

"I do like you, very, very much; but I know I can never be your wife."

"I will wait any time with the prospect of success."

"It cannot be; it grieves me to tell you so."

"Is there another?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Captain Ridgeway?"

"Yes—with no hope."

"God help us both."

There was a long silence; then taking her hands in his, he bowed his head upon them, repeating low these lines:

"A sweeter, sadder thing
My life, for having known you;
Forever with my sacred kin,
My soul's soul I must own you.
Forever mine, my friend,
From June to life's December;
Not mine to have or hold,
But to pray for and remember."

* * * * * * *

How delightful to be at home again! Mammy Peggy beamed with happiness and her "Bless de Lawd! I see my 'chile' once more!" came from a full heart.

The flowers were blooming in the old-time garden. Such a wealth of blossoms! And the grand old trees—that stood like sentinels on guard—seemed to welcome her back. She would not exchange the little cottage for the handsomest house she could think of. Had she not been living in one that had been famed throughout the State? And yet, the loneliness of those grand old halls! The dismal sounds in the silence of the night! The gloom hanging over everything, like a pall.

She had told the truth when she said to Mrs. Flourney she would be glad to return, because she dreaded a new experience; but, after all that passed that night on the piazza could she return? Would it not be encouraging Mr. Page in a false hope? At any rate, she had the long summer before her to decide.

Friends gathered around her and praised her course. Before the Civil War it was an uncommon thing for a Southern woman, brought up in luxury, to be a governess. It sometimes meant social ostracism, and required more bravery than can be imagined now, when labor had been dignified by stern necessity, and the "bread-winners" were among the aristocracy of the South.

She was thinking one morning, it was only six weeks before she was due at Maple Grove, when a letter was handed her. It was from her uncle in New York. He had written to her after her mother died, offering her a home with him; but she could not go; it was too soon after the war. He was very angry, and said he would never ask her again; but Doctor Ochiltree would not let him forget her, and it was owing to his persistent praise of her that Mr. Marshall wrote once more, this time saying he was sick and needed her. He invited her to make a visit, and to bring "Mammy," for he was anxious to see her again. If she liked it well enough to make it her permanent home, he would be glad. If not, she could return with "Mammy" to Winchester after a few months.

It seemed a way out of her difficulty. She felt she could not go back to Maple Grove, nor did she like to tell Mrs. Flourney the reason why she could not. Mammy was in favor of her going to New York, saying:

"Marse Jeems is quar', but he wus kin to ole Mis. An' den, too, honey, his bark is wus dan his bite. He tole me to tuk good kyar of ole Mis, an' he wud remember it. But de war cum an' he clean forgot ole Peggy."

"It seems not, Mammy, for he tells me to bring you with me. And because of his love for my dear mother I will go; by nursing and bearing with his eccentricities I may be able to repay in some measure his kindness to her."

So it was settled, and she wrote telling him she would accept his invitation, but she could not come before the last of August, as she needed the rest after teaching all the year. The Cottage was to be left in the care of Mammy's niece, "Malviny."

They arrived in New York in a pouring rain and were met by Doctor Ochiltree, whose welcome was so sincere and hearty it quite warmed her heart.

"I thought you might need a protector in the enemy's country," he laughingly said, as he took charge of her satchel, wraps, etc.

"It seems your fate to be always taking care of me."

"My privilege, you mean. The heart is its own fate."

"Thanks. In peace times, I will not be troublesome. How is my uncle?"

"He is much beter now; but he has been ill. I am afraid you will think it was a ruse to get you here."

"Oh, no," said she, "I cannot imagine I was ever wanted badly enough for that. You see adversity makes me modest."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity. Well, now you are here, we are going to keep you. I speak with authority, for your uncle and I are very old and confidential friends."

"So he has told you I am to live North?"

"We only hope to be able to induce you to do so. He has every attention that wealth can give; what he needs is affection, and I am sure you will become fond of him. He is peculiar, I admit, in many ways, as is only natural, having lived alone so long brooding over his disappointed life."

"You do not live with him, then?" she asked, in a surprised tone.

"No; I am there a great deal, and I am afraid you will get tired of me."

"Fishing for a compliment. I shall not pay it," she said, laughing.

"You were always truthful."

"Even to my own discomfort."

"I will have my revenge yet," said he; "here we are at your uncle's door. In his name I welcome you."

They stopped at a large old-fashioned house, with a piazza in front. It was some distance form the business part of the city. Her uncle was expecting her and half arose from his easy chair to greet her. On seeing Mammy, he was quite overcome.

"I spec you just want some home-pettin'," she said, taking his thin hand in her chubby black one.

"Home-petting!" How the words touched him. For twenty-five years he had lived such a lonely life. In his youth he had been engaged to a very beautiful young girl, who jilted him on the eve of marriage for a man who had great wealth. Since that time he had given up society and devoted himself to business. Ten years before he had bought this house because it was old-fashioned and rambling; and also because it was out of the city hum. A place to retire and shut out the world. The housekeeper, Mrs. Irving, was a plain, respectable woman who had had much trouble. She was allowed to bring her old father with her—the gossips said to play propriety. A compliment Mrs. Irving's attractions seldom had drawn forth in her most palmy days, for she was almost painfully homely; but a better soul never lived.

Elizabeth found a cheery little fire in one of the suite of rooms assigned to her. A round table held the tea equipage, and Doctor Ochiltree begged to be allowed to join her.

Mammy had a room opening into hers; and she created quite a stir in the servants' hall, arrayed in her head kerchief, and snowy neck piece, crossed over her too ample bosom, for Mammy's form was billowy.

The doctor proved a true friend. He planned the most delightful trips and when he could, accompanied her. To many of his friends he introduced her, and soon she made charming acquaintances.

More than anything else she enjoyed the drives in the afternoon. Afterward, the quiet twilight talks in her uncle's room, sometimes with him alone, and sometimes with the doctor. Once, out walking, the latter asked her suddenly:

"Do you often hear from your patient?"

"No," she answered, "he is engaged to be married and his time is fully occupied."

"Enough," said he, in much surprise, "since when, may I ask?"

"Before the war."

"Poor fellow!"

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I—can I tell you? I know how your eyes can flash when you are displeased."

"Why should I be displeased?"

"Why, indeed? I see no reason; but who can count on a woman's moods?"

"You make me curious. Do enlighten me."

"You will not be angry? Promise me."

"I will try not to show it," she said, smiling.

"Because I know he loves you; and I thought you loved him."

"How perfectly absurd!" she exclaimed. "Pray, what makes you so wondrous wise?"

"A fellow-feeling, perhaps."

"Are you in love?" asked she, looking him in the face.

"Would it be such a strange thing?"

"Yes; for I have thought you above it."

"Beyond it, you mean. One of these days I may tell you all about it."

"Is she beautiful, and does she live in New York?"

"To me she is the most beautiful person in the world, and she may live in New York."

Something in his look and tone made her uncomfortable, so she determined not to pursue the subject. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"There is Mammy looking for me!" But her Mammy calls out:

"I'm jus' gwine to set awhile with Marse Jeemes."

"Now, you have no excuse," said he.

"Tell me, was he promoted?"

"Who?"

"Captain Ridgeway, of course."

"Yes; he is a Major."

"Too late to do him any good," he muttered.

"It is never too late to have one's bravery acknowledged," said she, in a reproachful tone.

"You always would take up for him. Ah, well, it is only natural."

"You are presuming on our close acquaintance, Doctor Ochiltree," said she, with the flash of the eye he pretended to dread.

"My excuse must be that I am suffering. It is well we are at home; we might quarrel, and I know you would miss me," said he, with a twinkle in his eye.

Mr. Marshall's condition became very serious, and the doctors advised him to go to St. Augustine, Florida, before the cold weather began. Of course, Elizabeth and Mammy Peggy were to go with him, and Doctor Ochiltree was easily persuaded to be one of the party; indeed, he was necessary to Mr. Marshall's comfort. As it was, he took the entire trouble of the preparations on himself; telegraphing ahead for rooms at one of the principal hotels.

While they are settling themselves in that quaint old town the reader must go to Georgia, and see how Major Ridgeway is getting on.

This charming story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. Every subscriber is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

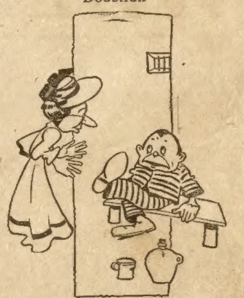
FREE
KIDNEY and BLADDER
CURE.

Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a Positive Specific Cure is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub, called by botanists, the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges river, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the disease.

Professor Edward S. Fogg, the Evangelist, testifies in the *Christian Advocate* that the Kava-Kava Shrub cured him in one month of severe Kidney and Bladder disease of many years standing. Hon. R. C. Wood, of Lowell, Ind., writes that in four weeks he was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease, after ten years suffering. His bladder trouble was so great he had to get up five to twelve times during the night. Rev. Thos. M. Owen, of West Pawlet, Vt., and others give similar testimony. Many ladies, including Mrs. Lydia Valentine, East Worcester, N. Y., Mrs. Maria Wall, Ferry, Mich., also testify to its wonderful curative powers in Kidney and other disorders peculiar to womanhood.

That you may test the value of this great discovery we will send you by mail Free, One Large Case and our book of 1000 testimonials, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend this sure specific to others. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Co., 484 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Doubtful.



Prison Visitor—So your term's nearly up. I suppose your poor wife will greet you with open arms.

The Bigamist—Well, ma'am, No. 2 and 5 might, but I'm doubtful 'bout de others.

The New Rot.

BY SHIFTY SADIE.

The whole secret of success is in thinking you are successful.

That one thing is what I try to impress upon my readers. No matter what comes, keep a cheerful countenance on the front of your face and you'll come out all right.

There is no joke so bad but you can laugh at it if you try. If you cannot see anything funny in the quip yourself you can laugh at the person who springs it and thinks it funny.

There is always a laugh coming.

Let it out.

Once upon a time there was a man who started to catch a train. As he was hurrying along a black cat ran straight across his pathway.

"Ha!" he exclaimed; "bad luck."

Sure enough, when he arrived at the station the train had gone.

"I knew I'd have bad luck," he said to himself.

A few hours later the news was flashed over the wire that the train was wrecked and every person on board had been killed.

"I'm the one who had the bad luck," said the man's wife, as she heard the news.

This goes to show that a black cat has nothing to do with the case; hence, all you have to do is to keep a stiff upper lip and be cheerful.

Another time a man walked under a ladder and about an hour after that he lost both feet.

But then they were pigs' feet and he was taking them home for dinner.

A poor starving millionaire found the feet and dined sumptuously.

This teaches us to be cheerful no matter what we lose, for some one is sure to find that which is lost and enjoy the benefits therefrom.

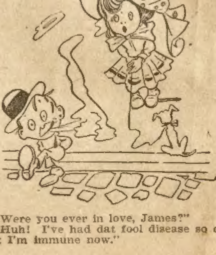
Another time thirteen men sat down to dine. Within the year every man died.

The undertaker in that town says he certainly does not believe thirteen is an unlucky number.

It all depends upon how you look at a thing.

My advice is that you look at things cheerfully—like the undertaker.

Thoroughly Seasoned.



"Were you ever in love, James?"

"Huh! I've had dat fool disease so often dat I'm immune now."

The Gossiper's Fate.

They say when the Joneses got the hint
 That the Smiths were coming to dine
That they ordered the best the market had
 And a dozen bottles of wine.
They say that the widow is up to snuff,
 And Miss Sally's getting gay;
That Malindy Ann has another beau,
 But don't you give it away.

They say that the corner house will be sold,
 That family is living too high;
I was told by a friend of mine last night
 That they had mortgaged it on the sly,
And Mr. Snook is leaving the town—
 Or that's what the people say,
But I never dare repeat what I hear,
 So don't you give it away.

They say Mr. Blinks came home late,
 And his wife made a terrible row;
I heard it from the servant girl,
 And of course she ought to know.
And there's to be a wedding soon,
 The parties have named the day;
But I really cannot mention names,
 So don't you give it away.

They say Miss Jinks dyed her Easter dress,
 And made over her last year's hat,
And the fur that she trimmed her jacket with
 Was the skin of an old black cat.
You know how folks will sometimes talk,
 But I am careful of what I say;
Of course there's a great deal more I could tell,
 But don't you give it away.

She talked and talked in the same old strain,
 For many and many a day,
Until some one hit her on the head with a brick;
 Saying: "Don't you give it away."

◆

A NOBLE REFORMATION.

BY M. SILINGSBY.

In a miserable hovel, a few miles from the populous city of B——, a woman lay dying. Toil, care and want had done their inevitable work, for she was a drunkard's wife. The scant furniture of the dilapidated room was shabby and worn, and not even the most meager comforts of life were to be found within its squalid interior.

The dying wife, with two daughters, of the respective ages of three and fourteen years, comprised the half-starved and otherwise neglected family of Enoch Goldwait. The half-naked children were wailing out their misery and grief at their mother's bedside, for she had just acquainted Ruth, the elder, with the startling fact that the dreaded momeant in which she must leave them to the cold mercies of the world was now rapidly approaching.

Enoch Goldwait was stretched out upon the bare boards in a drunken stupor, a quart bottle half filled with whisky within easy reach of him. He was snoring heavily, his face purple and bloated, and his whole appearance betokened a most miserable and degraded wretch. But in the midst of his besetting sin, Enoch Goldwait was not without some redeeming qualities.

He never was known to abuse or maltreat his family either by word or blow, but through his inordinate love for strong drink was led to neglect them in a most shameful and unpardonable manner. To use a trite phrase, "rum had mastered him"—had got the complete upper hand of him. If it was to be but one thing, either drink for himself or food for his family, he would have taken the drink, though he saw the gaunt figure of starvation staring his sick wife and hungry children in the face.

He knew that his wife was failing daily, and that the physician who attended her as a matter of humanity, not pay—to his praise be it spoken—encouraged no hopes of her recovery; and yet to his stupefied senses it could only appear that she must ever continue the drudge and martyr she had been. He could not seem to realize the possibility of her dying, or the still more startling reality that it was himself who was killing her.

He had once loved her truly and earnestly and would still were not all his senses blunted or paralyzed by the poison. But now, as he lay outstretched upon the bare boards, bloated and beastly, and odorous with the disgusting effluvia of vile rum, he looked, as he really was, a besotted brute; and yet this man had been blessed by nature in the beginning with more than average intellect.

For some minutes the dying woman had been lying quite still and calm, scarcely seeming to notice the heartrending grief of the children, when she suddenly aroused herself from the temporary state of apathy into which she had fallen, and said:

"Ruth, darling, wake your father. I must not die without making one last effort to reclaim him. When I first knew him no truer or more loyal heart ever beat in the breast of man; but, alas! the accursed rum has deadened all its finer impulses."

Ruth, the elder daughter, went hastily, and shook her father somewhat roughly by the shoulder before she could arouse him. At length he raised himself on his elbow, and his bloodshot eyes wandered vacantly for a moment around the desolate room. He then reached for his bottle, exclaiming as he did so:

"What's—hic—up? Nobody hurt—I guess not."

"Hush!" said Ruth, tearfully. "I fear poor mother is dying, and she wishes to talk with you. Don't drink again, papa—at least not now—it will only stupefy you; you won't remember what she says."

Without heeding the child's appeal or the sad moans of a heart-broken wife, he drew out the cork with an unsteady hand, and took a deep draught of the fiery poison.

"It's victuals and drink, Ruthy," he said, staggering to his feet and approaching the bed. "What's the matter, Susie—hic? Ain't the neighbors brought in nothing?"

"It is not of the neighbors' kindness or neglect that I would now speak," said Susan Goldwait, in a feeble but earnest voice. "It is of you, Enoch, and the wretched end you are surely coming to unless you abandon that which has brutalized, and will destroy you body and soul. I have always been a good and true wife to you; always willing to take my share, and much more than my share of the burden——"

"Hic! I know it, Susie. You're a nice old gal; but what the deuce is up?" interrupted the inebriate, with a maudlin attempt to make light of the wife's solemn warning.

In the last five years I have drudged myself to death for you and the children, and rum—accursed rum—has been the whole cause of it. I do not mention it to censure you for the past, or waste further words about what might have been. But it is of the future that I would now speak; for I am dying. I can already feel the touch of death upon me——"

"Tell you ain't going to die 'tall, Susie," interposed the slightly startled inebriate, stubbornly. "Tell you—hic—no such thing! Live fif—years longer, bet sweet life on it!"

"No, Enoch, I shall not last till the midnight hour. I know; I feel it; but I am too weak to discuss the point longer. I want you to be a sober man, Enoch, so that our children will have some one beside strangers to look after them, and provide for them when I am gone."

"Tell ye ain't goin' die!" again interposed the drunkard, swaggering back and forth unsteadily, but still clinging with a vise-like grip to the bottle; "live thousand year old, bet your buttons!"

The dying wife gave utterance to a despondent sigh, for she saw how hard a task it would be to make an impression on his mind in his present condition; but in her great anxiety for the future welfare of her children, she felt that she could not die without making another effort to bring him back, in some degree, to his sober senses. We shall see with what effect; and then let its advocates answer if rum is not accursed.

"Oh, my dear husband! can you, will you not be warned by my dying words?"

The earnest, beseeching tone seemed to fasten his attention for a moment with something very nearly akin to partial understanding and sobriety; but the effect was only momentary.

"Promise me, if not for my sake," the woman pleaded, "at least for the children's sake, that you will become a sober man—that you will never again raise the poison to your lips?"

"What mean by poison, Susie (hic)—whisky?"

"Yes, husband, whisky—rum; but more properly poison; that which has so long been your bane, and the source of all our present misery. Swear to me, before I die, that you will never, never taste it again!"

"Couldn't think such a thing, Susie," answered Goldwait, with a drunken leer of stupid obstinacy; for the last drink was beginning to manifest itself powerfully. "Drink when I want it. Good for me. Victuals and drink both (hic); s'don't say no more 'bout it, old woman. Drink always, sure's born!"

And suiting the action to the word, the miserable creature again drew the cork and raised the bottle to his parched and swollen lips; but in the action he lost his equilibrium and fell heavily to the floor. The next moment he rolled over on his side, and was soon unconscious; and in this state he continued up to the moment of his wife's death, which occurred about midnight.

Of course, he was somewhat shocked when he came to a realizing sense of his bereavement, but it did not last long, for he drowned in strong drink whatever sorrow or remorse he was then capable of feeling. The neighbors tidied up the children for the solemn occasion, and Mrs. Goldwait was interred at public expense; but the husband was too drunk to follow his wife's remains to their last resting place, and the children went alone as chief mourners

From this hour, if such a thing can be believed possible, Enoch Goldwait continued to grow worse and worse He sold one article after another of the shabby furniture, when he could find any one unprincipled enough to purchase, and the meager sums he obtained from time to time went for liquor, instead of food for his half-starved children. As the cold autumn nights approached he sold the very bed from under them, and lay drunk for a week, while the neglected children slept on the bare floor and suffered for want of the commonest nourishment.

Little Ruth had often gazed at the indistinct outlines of the great city only a few miles away, and wondered if there were not food enough for all there. At length she determined to run away with her little sister Eva, and seek a home in the great city. The father was too drunk to take any heed of their departure, and so the houseless little wanderers drifted out into the great world, of which even the elder knew but little.

It was past the middle of November, and the nights were chilly.

Tom Newcomb was reading the evening paper to his wife. He was a thriving young trader in B——, lately married to a most estimable and kind-hearted young lady. It was near the hour of ten, and while occupied, as we have stated, they were aroused by the plaintive sobs of a child.

They opened the street door and discovered the little wanderers seated on the steps, scantily clad and shivering in the bleak night air.

The kind-hearted trader and his wife took them in, and were much affected by the sorrowful story of little Ruth. The next day she was stricken down with a fever, and a weeek after she was laid in her little coffin. It was the verdict of sympathizing friends that her death was the result of neglect and exposure.

The father was sent for, and was found just recovering from his protracted debauch. He was in a most deplorable condition, both in mind and body. Not a solitary article of furniture, save a broken-backed chair, remained in the hovel. Everything had gone for rum, and he had kept on drinking day and night till money and credit were both exhausted, and then he was obliged to stop, and in stopping, to reflect. He upbraided himself now as the murderer of his wife and child, and was, when too late, thoroughly humbled and repentant.

Tom Newcomb was not only a strong advocate of temperance, but a good Samaritan. He took Enoch Goldwait home, gave him the advantages of a bath and shave, and clothed him in a suitable manner to attend the funeral. When Tom Newcomb took him into the room where little Ruth lay in the coffin, he knelt beside it, and burst into tears.

"I killed her," he said, as he turned his haggard face toward the solitary witness; "and I killed her mother, too, Heaven forgive me!"

"No," answered Tom, "it was not you; it was rum. And now I want you to make me a solemn promise, over the dead form of your child, and as you hope for mercy in the hereafter, never to let the vile poison pollute your lips more."

"I promise," said Enoch, solemnly, "as I hope for salvation; and if I fail to keep my word, may I suffer in the hereafter never-ending tortures." And from that moment he rose up a redeemed man, never more to sink under the power of the tempter. He gave his consent to the Newcombs adopting little Eva; and a few days after the funeral Enoch Goldwait started for California, Tom Newcomb furnishing the money for his outfit and traveling expenses. This was at the height of the gold fever.

For the next few years they received an occasional letter from him, stating that he was doing well, and had kept his pledge, and then all communications ceased. Gradually the Newcombs came to the conclusion that he must be either dead or fallen back again into his old habits of dissipation. Thus, fifteen years had passed away since Enoch Goldwait's departure, and little Eva had developed into a beautiful girl of eighteen.

During these fifteen years the Newcomb family had been increased by the addition of three legitimate members—two girls and a boy; but this did not prevent them from doing full justice to Eva, who had received every educational advantage that money could procure.

It is true, they could not see their way clear to do much more, now that they had children of their own to provide for and settle in life; and when Winfield Marsh, one of Mr. Newcomb's clerks—a very handsome fellow, and of good moral character, on a salary of a thousand dollars a year—paid court to Eva, the Newcombs thought favorably of it, and raised no opposition to the match.

Mr. Newcomb gave his adopted daughter a good marriage outfit, and raised Marsh's salary to twelve hundred a year. The wedding day was fixed, and the young couple were very happy over the prospect of their approaching nuptials.

They were to begin life humbly, but they loved each other, and the world was all before them.

The auspicious evening had arrived, and the invited guests were assembled at the residence of the Newcombs. The young couple had rented and furnished a small cottage—or rather Mr. Newcomb had furnished it—whither they were to retire after the ceremony and commence housekeeping.

Everything was in readiness, and Mr. Newcomb was on the point of giving away the bride, when the street bell rang, and the servant ushered in a middle-aged gentleman, a stranger to all present. He approached Mr. Newcomb with an expression of pleasure, exclaiming, as he did so:

"You do not seem to know me. I am Enoch Goldwait, just returned, as the saying is, with a pocket full of rocks, and not a drop of liquor has passed my lips since I last saw you."

"And you are just in season, my dear friend, to witness your daughter's marriage to a poor but estimable man; one of my clerks," said Newcomb.

"All right," exclaimed the returned Californian; "I will set him up in business." And he did.

◆

A Definition.

An anecdote illustrating the practical tendency of Scotch wit was given in a recent issue of the Ram's Horn.

An old Scotch farmer, being elected a member of the School Board, visited the school and tested the intelligence of the class by his questions. His first inquiry was:

"Noo, boys, can ony o' you tell me what 'naething' is?"

After a moment's silence a small boy in a back seat arose and replied:

"It's what ye gie me t'other day for haudin' yer horse!"

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"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on the food Grape-Nuts and acting on this suggestion I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food told me I had struck the right thing. My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic and in an incredibly short space of time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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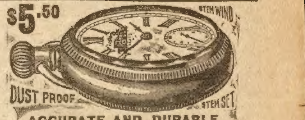

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CHAPTER VII.

WARDEN DEANE'S HOMECOMING.

Without further hindrance Warden Deane followed the rugged paths through the mountains toward his home. On the summit of Dividing Ridge he paused and looked around. Far away to the northeast and southwest stretched the long range of blue mountains; dim and vague they seemed, reposing peacefully in the summer sunshine, only a gap here and there, or a peak towering abruptly above his less imposing fellows to indicate that there had ever occurred a break in their silent and sluggish existence.

To the right at the base of the range the New River rolled, as it seemed to him, slowly and lazily along without a murmur. Only the white moving lines that bent and readjusted themselves and then bent again where the river rattled over the shoals showed that it was an animate, moving thing, and not a dead streak, blue instead of gray like the long line of cliffs that fringed the brow of the adjacent mountains.

Look which way he might there was no indication of the presence of life in that vast solitude of forest and hill. Could it be that in those peaceful vales which looked as if they had never known human passions, such scenes of violence as he had just passed through had really been enacted, that possibly at that very moment the ruthless passions of savage men, made so by wrongs, fancied or real, were running riot and augmenting rather than sating themselves by deeds of blood?

Surely it was a dream and yet not all a dream, or why was yonder vulture which had been wheeling about for some time above the loftiest peaks of the range descending so swiftly and true to its scent toward a spot on the lonely mountain path which he could not look at without a shudder? Hardly had it found a resting place when another, sailing with the directness of an arrow, came from a distant crag and hovering for an instant over the same spot, bent its wings and dropped into the foliage of the trees.

Sickening at the sight, young Deane turned with a shudder and started onward. Suddenly the sound of voices fell upon his ear and he had just time to spring behind the trunk of a gnarled pine that grew near the path when two men appeared coming from the opposite direction. He recognized them at once as of the Yates faction. Both were armed and from the earnest manner in which one was gesticulating he was conveying some intelligence of more than ordinary importance to the other.

"The raid is ter be made ternight an' all uv we uns that kin lift an arm ar' t' be there. Lige Miller has b'en sent t' Newberne for more guns an' ca'tridges, an' we're all ter meet at Hiram Yates' by the time it's dark."

"An' will Bill White be with us?" asked the other.

"Bill White! I tho't ye knowed, but, no, you warn't with us las' night. Bill White's a lyin' flat on his back with a bullet hole through him, put there by that scoundrel, Ward Deane. But old Hiram said this mornin' how he wished Bill was able ter take a part. He sets great store by Bill, an' means fer him t' be his son-in-law soon's he's able ter walk."

"An' who we goin' ter begin on ternight?" the other questioned, with a grin.

"I dunno, an' I reckon it don't make no difference. We're goin' ter make a clean sweep uv the whole Baker gang this night. They're not expectin' anything of the kind an' it will be an easy go."

His companion muttered something in response, but the listener could not catch his words and the two passed out of hearing and were soon lost to sight among the trees.

Warden Deane had learned two things, however, that were of grave moment. The one was that his arch-enemy, Bill White, yet lived, and the other that the Yateses were preparing for a systematic attack upon his friends that very night which would require prompt action on his part to keep from becoming a fearful success.

By the former discovery he was surprised and with his surprise came a tinge of regret. Bill White he knew was the chief agent in the renewal of the brawl which was fast weaving about his life a network of tragedy, and when he had seen him fall the night before he had hoped that his evil influence was ended forever. To be sure the report he had overheard of his present condition was not altogether favorable to his recovery, but as he yet lived there was no measuring the mischief he might accomplish.

Then came the thought of his sweetheart, the brave mountain lass whose heart was true as steel and who at that moment, perhaps, mourned him as one dead.

"Though she is his daughter and Hiram Yates is a stubborn soul, he can never drive her to marry Bill White, the scoundrel, even if he lives," he said to himself, and a smile flitted across his handsome face. Then the smile vanished as soon as it had appeared and a scowl took its place.

"What have I done," he muttered, "that Hiram Yates or any other man should put me down an' exalt that base, lyin' wretch who is not worthy to look an honest man in the face?"

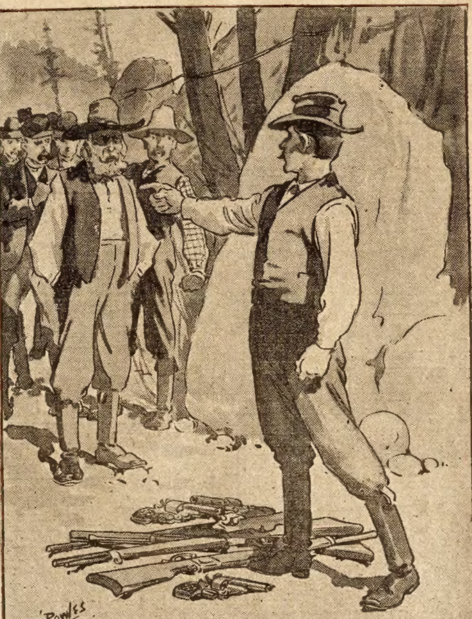
The scowl deepened and the young mountaineer quickened his pace as he brooded over his wrongs.

"Beware, Hiram Yates!" he hissed between his teeth, "beware how you goad me, or, by Heaven, before tomorrow's sun yonder vultures shall be supplied with food anew."

It was yet early in the forenoon and by ten o'clock Warden Deane had reached the site of his ruined homestead. When he first got in view of the still smoking ruins not a living creature was in sight, but presently a low, whining sound attracted his attention and he looked in the direction whence it came, and saw his old watch dog coming slowly toward him.

"Come here, Victor, poor fellow," he called, but the dog instead of leaping and yelping as was his wont, only whined and limped slowly along. As he approached, the cause of his reluctance was painfully evident. A great, gaping wound in the animal's shoulder showed where a bullet had torn its way.

Just then the sound of voices fell upon his ear and looking in the direction whence it came he beheld a man and woman approaching. It was honest Ben Ellis and his wife, who had lived with him and been his hired man and housekeeper respectively since the death of his widowed mother, five years before.



"Now, go!" commanded Deane.

The woman was crying and when she saw who it was standing by the pile of glowing embers her grief burst out afresh.

"Oh, Ward!" she wailed, "see what they have done. Las' night just after you left the Yateses come cursin' an' swearin' to kill you, an' when they found that you was not at home they set fire to the house an' barn. Me an' my ole man done all we c'ud to keep 'em from it, but it didn't do no good."

"Only made 'em worse," added her husband; "they swore they'd shoot us if we didn't shet our mouth, an' I believe they'd a done it, too."

"Very likely," rejoined the young man, gloomily, "from the appearance of poor Victor here, he must have fared roughly at their hands."

"They shot him while he stood gyard at the gate," said the old man, "they never c'u'd a come in while he was there."

Leaving a few directions as to the disposition of such of his property as remained unharmed, our hero hurried to the home of Elias Baker. To him he narrated what had happened after the burning of his home, on the preceding night, and what he had learned of the meditated attack from the two men on Dividing Ridge.

"So they be comin' tonight, be they?" he said, with something like a smile. "We was expectin' somethin' uv the kind an' we'll try ter give 'em a welcome—sich a one as they deserve," he added, after a pause.

Then he told him that since the burning of his buildings, which had served as a gathering beacon, their clan had been held in readiness to meet at a given signal, armed and equipped to face their foes.

"So you see we uns are ready fer 'em," he concluded, "an' now it only remains fer us ter git together an' take me'sures ter git possession uv them guns they've sent fer. Then, cuss 'em, let 'em come."

In an hour two trusted men were on their way to the "Narrers," a lonely spot on the Newberne road, to intercept the Yates' messenger and capture the arms and ammunition he carried. It was not expected that they would return in time to take part in the anticipated battle, but there would be a force sufficiently strong without them, and the duty was imperative.

The story of their success was best told by the riderless horse with the blood-stained saddle, and by the discovery of Lige Miller's body on the following day. Long Tom Yancey also came near being a silent witness to their zeal, for it was from their rifles the bullets came that went whizzing by his head when he was stooping over the body of Amos Higgins.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BOLD STROKE.

Half an hour after Dorothy Yates watched the little procession of truculent-looking men headed by her father cross the river and enter the woods on one side of Dividing Ridge, a similar but more numerous array might have been seen entering its recesses on the other. Elias Baker led the van and a score or more of men each armed with the deadly Winchester and actuated by the same sanguinary impulse, followed in his rear. We say each, but there was one exception. At some distance behind the others walked a solitary individual. He carried no visible arms and his head was bowed as if in deep thought.

It was Warden Deane.

To say that this was repugnant to him would only be a repetition of what has already been said. The violent scenes that he had been forced to act a defensive part in had sickened him with horror, and he looked forward to the night's events with a terrible anxiety.

If these men came together in their present mood there was but one result to be looked for—a dreadful cataclysm of blood. Wives would be left husbandless and children fatherless. A picture rose up in his mind of a certain home on the morrow. A party of men were bearing a burden through a little front gate—the gate where he had so often bidden Dorothy good night. It was the body of Hiram Yates, stiff and stark, the powder-blackened countenance wearing a scowl of fearful hate; Dorothy, his Dorothy, stood weeping by, a look of sad reproach in the beautiful eyes, pointing an accusing finger at him and crying, "Murderer! murderer!" as the men bore their grewsome load slowly along.

Suddenly he roused himself from his reverie. "It is a great risk," he muttered, "an' my life pays the forfeit if it fails, but it mustn't be, it mustn't be; I'll prevent it or die in the attempt."

Then, quickening his pace, he was soon at Elias Baker's side.

"Wouldn't it be best to send a man on to Lonesome Pass before us? They might by some means a learned our intention as we did their'n, an' beat us there. It would be a very unpleasant place for us if Hiram an' his men had intrenched themselves among the rocks, as we propose doin'."

"Mebbe we had," replied the old man. "I guess you're right. It's allus best ter be cautious when ye're pokin' fer rattlesnakes. They often pop up their ugly heads when you're least expectin' 'em. I guess it's a good idea. But who'll go?"

"I will," the young man answered, hurriedly, so hurriedly in fact that had Elias Baker been of a less sanguine temperament and less confident of the loyalty of his followers, he might have suspected a motive behind the other's willingness to risk his life in a cause in which he knew he had never been a zealot.

He suspected nothing, however, and it was soon arranged that the others of the party were to stop at a point half a mile from "Lonesome Pass" and await the cry of an owl, repeated thrice, which was to be the signal that the coast was clear.

In case the enemy had by any unforeseen chance received an intimation of the counter plot to receive them and acting upon their information, had already seized the Pass the signal was not to be made, but the scout was to return with all possible dispatch and notify his waiting confederates. In case no signal was given and he failed to return within a reasonable time they were to know that some mishap had befallen him and act accordingly.

"Now, men," he said, as he left them, "whatever you do, don't be rash. Give me time an' if anything happens to me, consider before you act. Our enemies, as you know, are no cowards, an' a dozen of them behind the rocks an' trees of Lonesome Pass would be hard customers to handle, let me tell you," and with a second injunction against rashness, he left them.

In executing the plan that he had hastily formed the young mountaineer knew that all depended upon himself. On either side were armed men, eager for each other's lives as wolves for their prey. The one anxiously awaiting the signal that was to call them to their feast of blood, the other actuated by the same horrid impulse, approaching from the other side all unconscious of the danger that awaited them. Both equally gulity, but both God's creatures made in His image and as such worthy to be saved from being ushered into His presence in this violent and bloody manner. Upon his coolness and prompt action depended the lives of these men and the result of this night's work. He must act his part well.

His step keeping pace with the thoughts that rushed through his overcharged brain, Warden Deane soon reached his destination.

Lonesome Pass was rightly named, and so our hero thought as he stood at the end of the long and narrow defile that cleft the summit of Dividing Ridge and gazed eagerly down the gray line which was just discernible between the sloping and bowlder strewn sides of the wooden ravine.

The gray line was the county road and Hiram Yates and his men would have to pass along it on their mission of destruction to the Baker neighborhood.

As far as he could see down the dimly lit line and for some distance beyond not a living thing was in sight, and though it would have been impossible to detect the presence of a thousand men had they sought concealment in the rocks and underbrush along the sides of the pass, he felt that he was alone. To make sure that such was the case, however, he passed entirely down the defile to the other end and examined carefuly the dust in the road-bed, to see if it had been stirred by human feet.

"It's just as I thought," he said to himself after a careful examination, "they've not come yet an' my scheme'll work if 'Lias and the others don't come up before I've made ready for them."

About half way up the Pass a large bowlder had slid down from amongst its fellows on the precipitous side and found lodgment within a few feet of the road, forming an excellent screen for any one desirous of commanding a view of the Pass and at the same time remaining unseen himself.

Going back to this, Warden Deane secreted himself behind it and waited, his head bent and his ears strained to catch the first sound that would warn him of the approach of either his friends or, what he desired above all things just then, his enemies.

Suddenly, amid the profound silence of the glen, a startling sound burst out on the still night air. It was the muffled but far-reaching cry of an owl.

"Curse the bird!" he exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Is even fate ag'in' my plan? If that cry is repeated twice, 'Lias Baker an' the rest will be here in ten minutes an' all is lost."

Seated on the dead limb of a stunted oak which projected over the road some distance below him he beheld the dark bulk of the bird. A well-directed stone went crashing through the nearby foliage and to his great relief, the bird flapped lazily away before the dangerous cry could be repeated.

Scarcely had he resumed his position behind the bowlder when another sound caught his ear. It was the tread of feet accompanied by the low sound of voices.

Peering from behind his screen, he beheld a black shadow moving on the gray line beyond the lower end of the defile.

"They are comin'," he breathed to himself and his heart beat quicker as he prepared to act his dangerous part. "Now, may Providence direct me for the sake of the homes I'd save from desolation."

Steadily the little procession approached and slowly, very slowly, it seemed to him, though the men were in reality walking at a very brisk pace.

He waited until the foremost was within a few feet of his hiding place and again breathing a prayer, but with a coolness which astonished even himself, he stepped forth and stood in front of them, empty-handed, but with a front as bold as if he had been supported by a regiment of soldiers.

If the moon had suddenly fallen from its orbit and dropped at their feet, Hiram Yates and his followers could not have been more amazed. They stopped still and stood motionless and silent struck dumb with astonishment.

Without giving them time to think the young man spoke:

"Men," he said, in low, even tones, "your lives are in my hands. Behind them rocks, their rifles leveled at your hearts, are half a hundred men, who only wait my signal to fire upon you. Make a single move an' that signal will be made." He waited a moment for his words to take effect and then continued:

"On one condition an' one only will your lives be spared. That is that at this moment you lay down your arms an' go back to your homes—now!'

Hiram Yates was a fearless man, but even he was not ready to make a useless sacrifice of his life when the odds were apparently so against him. For a single instant he hesitated. Then without a word he took a step forward and slowly laid his rifle on the ground. His example was contagious and in the space of thirty seconds every man in the party stood empty-handed while their weapons lay in a heap on the stony roadbed.

"Now, go!" commanded Deane, and he pointed down the ravine in the direction of the river.

As before, the men silently obeyed. Deane watched them disappear around a bend of the road, then he stooped over and picked up the relinquished weapons. They were no longer harmful. His ruse had succeeded.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCLUSION.

A week had elapsed since the events narrated in the preceding chapter. After the eventful night when Warden Deane single-handed had succeeded in disarming the entire Yates faction no further hostilities had occurred.

When he returned to his companions loaded down with the captured arms and frankly told them of the artifice he had employed they were at first disposed to be angry with him for cheating them of their prey, and then the absurdity of the thing appealed to their sense of the ridiculous and the woods rang with their wild guffaws.

"Thar's no use uv they uns ever tryin' ter come ag'in us any more," said Elias Baker, between his bursts of merriment. "When one man by his lone self an' without no other weepins than his neckid hands can hold up an' disarm the hull set it's time fer them ter quit."

Behind his and his companions' jollity, however, was the knowledge that the affair was no joke and that their foes were in reality men who were much more to be feared than laughed at. Even as he spoke the old man found himself secretly speculating as to how Hiram Yates would seek to revenge this altogether unbearable humiliation he had suffered at their hands. A week had passed, however, and no further demonstration had been made on either side.

As to Hiram Yates he was a changed man. Ever since the truth had reached his ears to confirm his suspicion that he and his friends had been duped and deceived by young Deane, he had gone about with his head down as if dazed. Once his daughter heard him muttering to himself, unaware that he was overheard:

"Sich grit! Who ever heard o' the like! Ef he hadn't murdered Silas Yates I'd half believe thar's some good in the boy. But, no! He shot him, the sneakin' coward. I'll even up with him yet."

On the day in question the old man had been going about his duties in sullen silence as was his wont of late. For the past few days he had had few visitors. Indeed, since the cataclysm on Dividing Ridge there had been but little stir made by either of the contending factions. The Yateses had not recovered sufficiently from the stroke dealt them in the seizure of their arms to renew the strife and the Bakers held in check by the counsel of Warden Deane, whose influence had wonderfully increased since his bold exploit, quietly waited for their foes to take the initiative.

So it was that when Hiram heard the clatter of a horse's hoof on the river road, and looking up beheld Alec Wilson coming as fast as his foam-flecked horse could carry him, he started with surprise.

"Come, Hiram Yates, ye are wanted ag'in, but this time it's not a council uv war that calls ye. It's the bedside uv a dyin' friend."

"Who's dyin'?" asked the old man, with a start.

"Bill White, he's been goin' down sence yisterday mornin' an' it's clear he can't las' but a little longer. He wants ter see you afore he dies. He's been cryin' an' cavortin' 'bout some wrong he's done somebody ever since he found out he'd got ter die, an' 'ever' time he wakes he calls fer you."

Filled with wonder at the strange request, Hiram Yates made ready to accompany the messenger.

In an hour he stood at the dying man's bedside.

Pale and shrunken so that he looked more like a cringing ghost than a human being, Bill White cowered before the honest glance of the man who looked pityingly down upon him.

Once, twice, he tried to speak, but the words would not be uttered. It seemed that his parched tongue utterly refused to perform its function and the sin-burdened soul of the dying man would go before the judgment seat unrelieved by the confession he would make.

Finally with a superhuman effort he raised himself on an elbow and spoke, the dark, sunken eyeballs glaring from their orbits with an eager light.

"Hiram Yates, I'm a goin' ter die an' I have somethin' I must tell ye afore I go. Ward Deane"—here he caught his breath with a gasp—"Ward Deane is innercent uv the killin' uv Si Yates. I done it, me an' Amos Higgins an' Lige Mellen, an' as they be gone whar I must soon go, I'm not implicatin' others when I tell it.' Here he paused and his countenance took on a far away look. "I do believe they's somethin' in the workin's uv Providence after all. Anyway," resuming his former expression, "we done it an' laid it on the two Baker boys an' young Deane. I done it because I wanted ter turn ye an' th' gal ag'in' him, an' because I hed an old grudge ag'in' Si. I done it an' all I c'u'd ter fetch on the war. All w'u'd a be'n well ef I c'u'd a killed Ward Deane, but he's got me an' that's the end uv it."

Here he paused for want of breath and the listeners observed that the eyes were losing their eagerness and the breath came in quick, sharp gasps.

"Tell the gal—not—to—think too hard," he said, presently. "It was [illegible]—git her—that I—done—it."

The eyes had lost all expression and become fixed and glazed. With the last word came a gasp. The red blood gushed from between the blanched lips and Bill White fell back upon his pillow—dead.

That evening in the gathering twilight Dorothy and her father sat in the "best room" of their cabin home and talked long and earnestly. What they said will never be known and can only be conjectured from the fact that when the consultation was ended, Dorothy rose from her seat with an expression of happiness upon her face that had been entirely foreign to it of late.

That night she scarcely slept at all, and long before the summer sun had sent his first radiant beams across the eastern sky on the following morning to awaken the slumbering mountains from their dreams, she was up and had her own and her father's breakfast steaming upon the table.

Hiram Yates was a man who never did things by halves and when the meal was disposed of he saddled his horse, and, alone and unarmed, took the road toward the Baker "settlement."

He found Warden Deane at the site of his ruined home, directing the labors of the men who were erecting a new building on the ground where the other had been burned. Warden Deane was dumbfounded. What could it mean? Hiram Yates was the last man on earth he would have expected to see at that particular place just at that particular time. The workmen were equally surprised. One or two of them who were factionists of the Baker party cast lowering glances at the intruder and muttered threats began to be heard.

The old man rode straight up to the group of men who had ceased their work and stood tools in hand waiting for him to speak, before he reined in his horse.

"Warden Deane," said he, with the air and manner of one who had made up his mind what to say, "I hev' come to make

(Continued on page fifteen.)

WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

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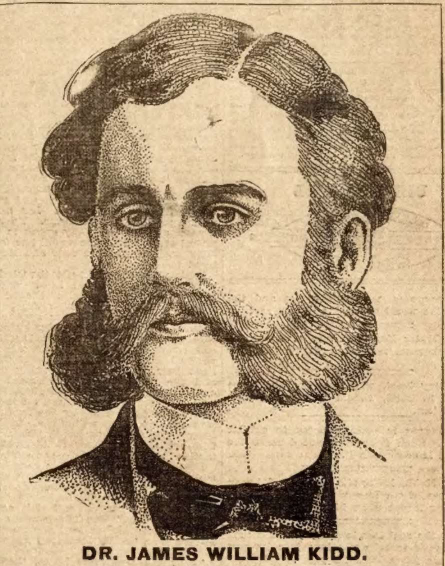

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Man proposes, woman disposes and the rest of the world says, "I told you so."

That Oyster Bay man who swore at the President need not think of running for office.

Secretary Root, who now has the glove scandal in hand, should handle the case without 'em.

Sir Thomas is making dates to exhibit the cup. Such faith does not deserve the jar that is coming to it.

The individual who sits next to a fat man in a crowded car knows what it is to have greatness thrust upon him.

When the real law is applied to the mob that wanted to take the law into its own hands the jokes loses its point.

California is raising only two-thirds of a prune crop. Let the boarding houses be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Women, according to statistics, are good life insurance risks, but are they good matrimonial risks? That is the question that is interesting the men.

King Edward is now called the greatest peace monarch in Europe, for he journeyed through Ireland and did not get mixed up in a single free fight.

Shall we send the navy back to make England recognize the Dakota divorce? Here is a deadly blow struck at one of our leading industries.

President Roosevelt wrapped himself in a blanket and slept out of doors the other night. Can there be any doubt as to where the Weary Willie vote will go?

Under the new franchise for which it asks the Northwestern Elevated Railway, it is claimed, could carry freight. Perhaps it wants to transport the street car hog at pound rates.

Persons who come back to town wearied and exhausted by the pleasures of their outing tour should cheer up with the reflection that about fifty weeks must intervene before they have the same experience again.

Just by falling downstairs in her home a California woman was cured of a trouble that had deprived her of the use of her limbs and her voice. This is a remedy that it would be well to take in homeopathic doses, however.

THE HAND OF FATE;

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE CLARINET CLUB.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER XIX.

As Lilly neared the flat where she made her home with her married sister, her heart failed her and she probably would have walked past, had not one of the children caught hold of her hand, expecting the usual merry response, but to his amazement, she barely noticed him as she went into the house. Running up the long flight of stairs which led to the flat, Lilly stopped a moment to recover her breath and courage before opening the door, which led directly into the living room, where she knew she would find her sister at this time of the day.

Although ten years her senior, Mary Sinclair had taken an almost maternal interest in Lilly and the latter knew what a blow her misery would be to the loving sister. Too many troubles already bowed her down, for gay dashing Bob Sinclair, to whom she had been married when only sixteen, had proven himself a weak reed before their first child was born, when she was seventeen. Other children had followed in quick succession, and poverty was a constant inmate of the little home. To add to their other troubles, Mr. Sinclair had been drinking for some years, and had Mrs. Sinclair possessed any other than her own bright, cheerful spirit she must surely fallen under the load she bore upon her shoulders. Yet, as it was, no one ever heard her complain. She always had a pleasant word and sweet smile for every one and patiently bore with the pranks of her numerous progeny without a murmur. To such a woman as this was Lilly going to tell her pitiful story. Summoning all her fortitude, Lilly pushed open the door and slowly entered the room.

Sitting in a low rocker by the window was a woman, who would have graced the highest position on earth. Placed upon a throne, her native dignity and sweet manner would have made her appear in her natural position In that shabby room she was the central figure about which all else revolved, although her wrapper was patched and her shoes torn. The soft, light hair was always carefully arranged and the gentle gray eyes rested like a caress on all alike. Her face reminded those who saw her of a Madonna, an impression which was heightened by the fact that she was seldom seen without a baby. The baby was present, as usual, today, lying in his cradle, and cooing to himself as his mother jogged him while she sewed.

Looking up, Mrs. Sinclair saw Lilly and smiled gently upon her, although she knew that her presence at this unaccustomed hour boded no good.

"Lilly, dear, you are not sick, are you?"

"Not exactly," was the nervous answer, as the young girl crossed the room to her sister's side, hastily removing her wraps as she did so.

"Why did you come home, then?" Mrs. Sinclair persisted, raising her eyes to Lilly's face, then, startled by the misery she saw written there, she laid aside her sewing, and, stretching out her arms, she cried, tenderly:

"Come here, darling, and tell me all about it."

Lilly buried her head in the motherly lap, but said nothing.

"Never mind, don't tell me unless you wish," was the sympathetic whisper, and the gentle hand, still soft and tender, stroked the girl's disordered hair. So sympathetic was the elder woman, that although she felt the dampness in Lilly's clothing, she asked no questions, but held the hapless one close to her loving bosom and murmured gentle words of encouragement and affection, until the first wild burst of grief was over, never stopping her jogging of the cradle, and when Lilly at last raised her tear-disfigured face she sobbed:

"You ought to drive me out," she only drew her closer and responded:

"This is a place where you can never be misunderstood, darling," which called forth a fresh burst of tears, this time more soothing, however, and within a few minutes Lilly was able to make herself understood. Still encircled by her sister's arm, she said, brokenly:

"I've lost my place."

"Well, well, my dear, worse things have happened before and will again. A clerk like you can easily get another place."

"But, Mary, there is more back of it."

"More, dear?"

"Yes, much more; how can I tell you?"

"Will it make you happier to tell me? If not, never mind. You know I love you, and that no one shall harm you here," and the expression on Mrs. Sinclair's face was almost angelic.

"I must tell you, Mary, if I break your heart. I have been discharged, and I doubt if any one else in the city would take me."

"Unjustly discharged, I know, darling."

"No, Mary, not unjustly, that is the worst. I have brought shame down upon our heads, upon you, dearest; can you ever forgive me?"

Before she had finished speaking, Mrs. Sinclair's arms were around Lilly once more, and she was tenderly kissing her.

"Oh, Mary, do you understand, can you forgive me?"

"My poor little girl. I do understand and forgive you from the bottom of my heart. My poor little motherless girl, how I have neglected you. If I had looked after you as I ought, this trouble would have been spared you."

"Mary, Mary, you are an angel, but let me tell you this. It was because I loved him so, so dearly, and I really did believe he was going to marry me. It was not because I was bad or anything like that. As long as I live I shall feel that I am his wife, no matter what happens, and I would give my life right now to save him pain."

A tender cheek was pressed against the flushed one of the girl.

"You understand, don't you? I can't feel that I have been so very, very wicked, because I loved him, Mary. So many marriages take place because the women want fine homes. I would work all my life for him."

"You love him still, darling?"

"Love him! Oh, Mary! Do you know what such love is like? My heart aches like as though it would break, a real physical pain. A nausea comes over me when I realize how alone I stand, and an inexpressible longing grows within me to be with him. I must hear his voice, touch his hand, feel his dear lips on mine. I have loved him all the more because my feelings have been hidden away from human sight. I felt that there was something sacred in this love which was buried deep in our hearts away from the soiling gaze of the world. Now, now, oh, Mary, tell me, how can I live? Can I ever overcome this terrible, gnawing longing for him? Tell me, tell me, tell me," and Lilly looked up at her sister with eyes which seemed to be starting from their sockets.

With her own eyes overflowing, Mrs. Sinclair bent over her sister and with her lips against the trembling ones which seemed mournful enough to melt a heart of stone, she replied, softly:

"I will rt yto help you, darling, and some one else will," and Lilly, looking up, and realizing her meaning, whispered:

"Mary, I can believe in Divine mercy when I find such human forgiveness. Help me, dear sister, to make myself worthy to be the mother of an innocent little baby."

CHAPTER XX.

The Clarinet Club Mystery, as it had become known, was gradually growing out of the minds of the people in general. Occasionally, one of the papers would rehash a bit of intelligence, but new sensations filled the first pages and supplied matter for glaring headlines.

To the members of the fashionable club, however, in which both cousins had been so prominent, the subject was one which was never allowed to die. Some of the more exclusive ones felt that the dignity of the club would have been sufficiently injured by one of its members being inconsiderate enough to allow himself to be murdered, and when the crime was laid at the door of another associate, the disgrace was too much to be borne. This opinion was started by a number, although only a few carried their disapproval to the extent of withdrawing. As the applications far exceeded the capacity of the club, their places were gladly filled, and the affairs were carried on as usual, although the names of the Welden cousins might be heard upon almost any occasion.

One evening, not long after the public announcement of Melbourne's engagement to Miss Stoneborough, several of the members were idly rolling the balls about in the billiard room, and smoking, while they made their characteristic remarks upon the news.

One of them made a shot which surprised himself.

"Gee!" he cried, "that's as good a shot as either Wickersham or Melbourne could make."

"Speaking of Melbourne, is he the gentleman you were talking of as being engaged to Miss Stoneborough?" asked a quiet-looking man of middle age, who had been guaranteed by Wickersham a few weeks prior to this, as a friend of his from Boston, Carlie Hudson, recently located in Chicago, with a view of dealing extensively in real estate.

"The same," said another, as he leaned leisurely forward, and, flicking the ashes off his cigar with his little finger into a tray on a nearby table. "Pretty good thing he's doing for himself, too, financially," and he made a wry face.

"Well, there are others who wouldn't mind being in his boots," said a tall, slender man, as he reached toward the center of the table to make a difficult shot.

"Not if they had to take her with the money," said the other, resenting the remark as something personal.

"What is amiss with the lady?" asked the man known as Charlie Hudson, who probably was better informed as to the lady and all her past, as well as that of all the members of the club, than the gentlemen he was conversing with would have deemed possible, unless it was a full-bearded man whom the club had received, also on Wickersham's recommendation, as one of the best fellows in the world, William T. Hallect. Mr. Hallect, according to the broker, was a client of his, wintering in Chicago, and looking into the merits of several new corporations, likely to engage a portion of his large means, acquired along the Pacific Coast.

"Nothing in the world, except she won't fall violently in love with a certain young

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Be sure and ask your agent for a copy of BOYCE'S WEEKLY, and if he does not handle it tell him you want a copy next week, and have him order a supply.

fellow, as he would like her to," said the tall, slender man, maliciously, as he nursed a couple of balls in the corner.

"Melbourne must have wanted money pretty bad to take it at such a price, for she is simply impossible," struck in still another member, who remembered several losses his firm had sustained, when brought up against Stoneborough & Co.

"Melbourne must have wanted money pretty bad to take it at such a price, for she is simply impossible," struck in still another member, who remembered several losses his firm had sustained, when brought up against Stoneborough & Co.

"Then, I take it, she is not a social success?" persisted Charlie Hudson. "Mr. Melbourne possibly has discovered charms outsiders know nothing of."

"The charm of the golden eagle," sneered the man accused of a personal feeling in the matter. "Melbourne isn't more than twenty-three, and she is nearer thirty than anything else, so he's her last chance."

"No, no, sonny," laughed the tall, slender man, "not while you are alive, but is Melbourne as young as that? Why, he's been about town for years, and going it at a pace that will kill, if he don't pull up soon."

"Certain of it. He's two years younger than his sister, and she is only twenty-five. My sister was talking about it today," returned the other speaker, so delighted to have a bit of gossip to impart that he overlooked the fleer at his motives.

"Who is his sister?" queried Charlie Hudson, in his good-natured manner of a man asking questions to be polite and take an interest in local matters.

"Mrs. Tanquer."

"Any connection of Archibald Tanquer?" spoke up Mr. Hallect. "Am always meeting him wherever I go. He must own all Chicago."

"Just about that. Guess he owns forty-nine per and the Stoneboroughs, father and daughter, fifty-one per, for they are the richer," said the tall, slender man.

"The combine will be immense, then, and a new trust will be brought into existence," suggested Charlie Hudson.

"Not on your life. The Stoneboroughs won't touch a trust. They talk about rights of working men till they make you sick. A poor man smells like a wet dog on a rainy day to me," snorted a man who had come up before the people of his ward for their suffrages, and been ignominously defeated in his endeavor to get into the city council.

"Tanquer will be glad to have Melbourne's fingers in the pockets of some one else, I bet," suggested the tall, slender man. "That fellow costs him a pretty penny."

'Shut up, he's coming," whispered another, and in order to dispel suspicion, they caught at the first available subject, for sneer as they might at his choice, Melbourne was a much more important man since he was known as the future owner of Miss Stoneborough's millions. Naturally, at a pinch, nothing served better than the Welden cousins, and the subject was introduced by the tall, slender man asking in a high, strained tone:

"Did you see that bit in the evening papers? Said the club was going to the dogs on account of our mystery."

Melbourne stood in the door of the room in which he had spent many hours, and looked at the men before him. How be hated them all, and the false, empty life he was forced to live. To his surprise, his aims and ambitions had changed very materially during the past few weeks. How gladly would he have given up his club associates, whom he knew despised him for selling himself for a woman's wealth; all that this life of ease would give, to be with the only woman he had ever met who really attracted him. Was it worth while to gain wealth, distinction and prominence at the price of a woman's broken heart, and perhaps her life?

To the men before him, he looked the calm, reckless, indifferent man of the world he always was, careless alike to their praise or censure.

One of them looked up and appeared to see him for the first time.

"Melbourne, old boy," he cried, starting forward, "may I offer congratulations?"

Melbourne swept the room with his insolent glance, then replied, as he bit off the end of a cigar and started to light it:

"You may."

"You're a lucky dog," quickly exclaimed the one whose personal interest had seemed so deep.

"No doubt, but I really can't see how the matter is any damn business of any of you," was the cool reply, and Melbourne picked up a cue, and chalked it carefully.

"Of course, of course, I——"

"Possibly, right here, I might suggest that I always decline to discuss any ladies in a billiard room, even of my club," he continued, in the same, low, even tone, and those who had been bandying his name about, gladly returned to the Welden cousins, and were recounting the details to the new members, when Wickersham entered:

Gray hairs were appearing on the little man's temples, for his anxiety was daily increasing, but he had come to the club to see if any new ideas could be obtained. Just as he came up to the group, he heard:

"Well, if Welden does escape the gallows, it will be through some fluke, and he will be branded as a jail bird the rest of his days."

The speaker's back was toward the door, and it was therefore difficult for him to comprehend the oppressive silence which followed. Turning around, framed by the doorway, he saw Wickersham, trim and alert, but speechless for the moment from indignation. The look in his eyes made them all feel guilty and decidedly uncomfortable. Clearly, things were coming to a pass when it was difficult to have any comfort here any more.

When Wickersham found his voice, he denounced them, both in the abstract and concrete, applying terms and making statements which it was impossible for them to brook, and their sentiments were ably voiced by Mr. Tanquer, who, attracted by the noise, came in from the reading room, when he said, quietly, but in a tone which made him heard all over the room:

"Really, Mr. Wickersham, while we all admire the steadfast friendship you have displayed for Mr. Welden, and deplore the sad circumstances which have fastened so heinous a crime upon one of our members, I must insist, as president of this club, that you do not intrude your opinions, which are most decidedly in the minority, upon your fellow members. However distasteful the consensus of opinion here may be to you, it is sustained by the action of due processes of law and public opinion in general. This constant bickering is destroying the harmony of the club, and it must and shall be stopped. I am, therefore, forced to offer you the alternative of hereafter refraining from any further discussion on this subject or tendering your resignation."

Wickersham looked steadily into the president's eyes, his own seeming to search the man's very soul, while the thought occurred to several members that this little affair might make some changes in the business matters of both men, for Wickersham was Tanquer's broker, when the former said, with none of his former heated manner:

"There can be no alternative. The secretary will be in receipt of my resignation at the earliest possible moment," and, with a shrug of the shoulders, Wickersham turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Sinclair household was in an uproar, for they were making their quarterly flitting. Enemies of the family declared that they found it cheaper to move than to pay rent, and perhaps they did. Others stated, and with more truth, that landlords were not willing to keep such tenants longer than three months. At any rate, move they did with alarming frequency, and this time Mrs. Sinclair felt that fortune had favored her in her selection of the new home. The house she had rented was a dark, gloomy building, whose low-pitched rooms echoed to the steps of those who ventured within its doors. It was located along the line of the South Side Elevated Road, the back windows opening directly upon it, and perhaps because of this, or its generally damp, unwholesome appearance, it had stood tenantless for several years. Mrs. Sinclair felt that within its walls was sufficient room for her large family, and that as it was already so much out of repair, the landlord would not object to the decorations sure to appear with the advent of the Sinclair children. The rent was very small, and the location convenient for her husband, who was a night ticket-seller on the elevated road. Taking all these advantages into consideration, she felt herself very fortunate.

Many women would have shrunk from the task before them, for numerous movings had reduced the furniture to a state not far from complete wreckage, and when the day arrived, Chicago was deluged with one of the rains peculiarly local, when earth and sky are blended in a solid sheet of rain, and the streets run rivers. Another woman would have despaired, but Mrs. Sinclair was as cheery as ever, and viewed with undaunted front the movers piling her bits of household goods in the middle of the street for the elements to wreak their frenzy upon, shelterless and in the mud. It was useless, as she well knew, to remonstrate with the stolid men, whose chief aim in life appeared to be to drag everything out of the flat, pile it in the street, and then retire into the safe shelter of their wagon, where they ate their lunch and went to sleep.

Lilly fretted and scolded, but to no purpose, and finally giving up in despair, sat down on one of the broad window seats, and leaned her head wearily upon her hands. Since she had left the store she already looked years older, and her once fresh, blooming face was drawn with pain and unspoken misery. Her eyes wore a faraway expression, and now and then a tear stole down her pale cheek. Standing in the doorway, Mrs. Sinclair thought as she gazed at the wreck of her once beautiful sister, that no punishment could be too great for the man who had written these lines upon her loved one's face, and planted the misery which was eating out a gentle, trusting heart. No matter how unkindly fate had treated her, Mrs. Sinclair was able to endure bravely, but at the sight of Lilly's trouble, her gentle soul rose up in rebellion, and anger burned within the tender breast, which so seldom could see evil in any one.

As Lilly sat there, longing for the sound of Forest's voice, the touch of his hand, and her sister was watching her, both are roused by a commotion in the rear, and Lilly went to investigate. Unfortunately for their elders and neighbors, the Sinclair children were not models of propriety by any manner of means, and the amount of mischief they were capable of getting through with in a single day would have made an ordinary child turn green with envy. As Lilly reached the back door, Teddy, aged fourteen; was holding Marjory, aged three, by the heels and shaking her violently, and half a dozen of the others were dancing about, giving vent to their spirits by uttering war whoops.

"What are you doing, Ted?" Lilly cried, darting forward and rescuing Marjory.

"Why, you see, Mag would eat them nuts 'thout smashing them and so don't feel good in here," laying a grimy little hand over the region of his waistband. "So me and Dick thought we'd shake 'em outen her."

Lilly did not look very much astonished. Indeed, she felt relieved that the little one had not lunched on toads or tried to masticate a few glass bottles, and so only gave orders that the boys were not to try to remedy the mistake, but leave Marjory alone.

"Gosh, but I'm glad Lil didn't take a crack at us fur the marks on the wall," Dick, aged twelve, remarked, as he puffed furtively at a cigarette he had picked up in the street.

"So'm I; give me a whiff," Ted demanded, and upon being refused, he immediately punched his brother and took complete possession of the coveted article. A few moments later both were engaged in adding to the decorations of the back stairway. It had not taken the two boys long, armed with hatchets, aided by Mollie, aged eight, and Fannie, aged six, to accomplish results which would make the landlord grind his teeth in impotent rage. While these four artists were gloating over their work, a whistle drew them to the fence at the rear of the lot, where Johnny, aged ten; Phil, aged thirteen; and Jennie, aged five, handed over a choice collection of partially decayed fruit, which they had borrowed from the fruit dealer at the corner, and the seven sat on the garbage box and devoured it, in the pouring rain, without a single pang of conscience.

In the meanwhile, their mother, undisturbed by the noisy clamor of Marjory, Bennie aged eighteen months, and the crying of the baby, not yet out of long clothes, moved serenely in the midst of all the confusion, disposing of the various creditors with rare tact and but little money, and finally gathering her brood about her, departed, much to the relief of the long-suffering neighbors, who, much as they admired her many excellent qualities, preferred to continue their acquaintance with the children at a safe distance.

The conductor of the street car which they boarded, thought to himself:

"A regular Sunday school procession," but as he gazed at the chubby faces from Nancy, who already gave promise of rare beauty at sixteen, to the little four-month-old baby, he saw that they were connected by ties closer than those of religion, and sighed as he thought of his own childless home. However, after they had left the car he did not regret that fate had denied him a like quiver full of little ones, for he saw the damage they had effected. Teddie's knife had wrought havoc with the upholstered seat in his locality, and when he had done his full duty as far as lay within his power, or the reach of his arms, he passed the knife to Johnny and later to Dick. The little girls had not been idle, but amused themselves by tearing out paper dolls, while Phil, when he could spare a moment from scratching on the woodwork with a hatpin, had industriously devoted his attention to freeing his, Marjory's and Jennie's shoes from the mud clinging to them. All the children were eating peanuts and candy, a last unwilling loan from the fruit man, and the conductor found a great wad of gum firmly stuck on the seat.

This exceedingly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any one desiring to subscribe regularly for the paper will be sent a camera or patterns free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Items of Interest.

Los Angeles, Cal., has the smallest horse in the world. It is 22½ inches high, 7 years old, and weighs 70 pounds with its shoes on.

Some of the society girls of Philadelphia are submitting to the tattooing craze, by having their bodies ornamented (?) with various indelible devices, such as eagles, snakes, birds, etc.

Gates at frequent intervals bar the country roads in Norway, and are a nuisance to travelers, who have to leave their vehicles and open the barriers. These obstructions mark the boundaries of farms, or separate the cultivated sections from the waste lands.

The best rugs of Persia represent patience, taste and prolonged labor. On each square foot of surface a weaver works about twenty-three days. A rug 12x12 feet would therefore require the labor of one man for 3,312 days, or over ten years, not counting Sundays.

The strongest animals are all vegetarians, the elephant being the most powerful, and the rhinoceros and the ox next. The swiftest—the horse and antelope—are also vegetarians. Vegetarian creatures also live much longer than meat-eaters.

About 20,000,000 bunches of bananas grow annually on the island of Jamaica. Four-fifths of this amount is exported, and the remainder is consumed as food by the natives. A bunch of bananas, containing about 300 specimens of the fruit, sells in Jamaica for fifteen or twenty cents.

It is seldom that one sees a boiled fish alive, yet there are such in the boiling lake of Amatitian, Guatemala. A species of fish was lately seen there by M. Marcellin Pellet, a French traveler. These fish, he asserts, often pass days in the boiling water, which comes from numberless hot springs.

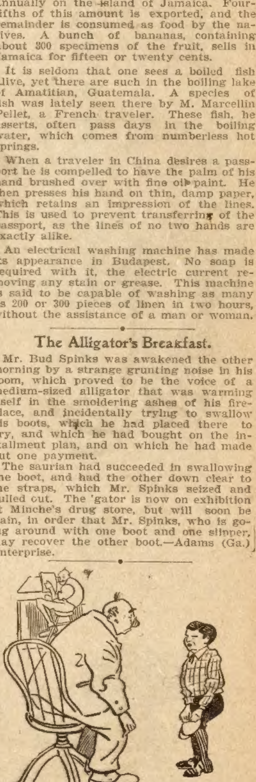
When a traveler in China desires a passport he is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint. He then presses his hand on thin, damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transferring of the passport, as the lines of no two hands are exactly alike.

An electrical washing machine has made its appearance in Budapest. No soap is required with it, the electric current removing any stain or grease. This machine is said to be capable of washing as many as 200 or 300 pieces of linen in two hours, without the assistance of a man or woman.

The Alligator's Breakfast.

Mr. Bud Spinks was awakened the other morning by a strange grunting noise in his room, which proved to be the voice of a medium-sized alligator that was warming itself in the smoldering ashes of his fireplace, and incidentally trying to swallow his boots, which he had placed there to dry, and which he had bought on the installment plan, and on which he had made but one payment.

The saurian had succeeded in swallowing one boot, and had the other down clear to the straps, which Mr. Spinks seized and pulled out. The 'gator is now on exhibition at Minche's drug store, but will soon be slain, in order that Mr. Spinks, who is going around with one boot and one slipper, may recover the other boot.—Adams (Ga.) Enterprise.



"How much does it cost ter git one of dem accident insurance policies, Mister?"

"For yourself?"

"Sure. I'm goin' ter ask me gal's old man fer her hand ter-day."

We Want a
BRIGHT BOY
to Work after
School Hours

Any bright boy who reads this advertisement can start in business next week selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He can do it after school hours on Fridays and on Saturdays. The work is pleasant, as well as profitable. The only qualification necessary is a willingness to work—no money needed. We provide the capital. Ten copies of the magazine are furnished free of charge the first week. These are sold at Five Cents a copy and provide the necessary money to order the next week's supply.

$225 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES WILL BE DISTRIBUTED NEXT MONTH AMONG BOYS WHO SELL 5 OR MORE COPIES WEEKLY

If you are willing to try it, we will send next week's supply and everything necessary for making a success, including booklet showing photographs and describing methods of successful boy agents.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
459 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ABOUT COMPLEXIONS

Food Makes Them Good or Bad.

Saturate the human body with strong coffee and it will in time show in the complexion of the coffee drinker.

This is caused by the action of coffee on the liver, thus throwing part of the bile into the blood. Coffee complexions are sallow and muddy and will stay that way until coffee is given up entirely.

The sure way to recover rosy cheeks and red lips is to quit coffee and drink Postum Food Coffee which makes red blood. "I had been for more than 20 years an inveterate coffee drinker and it is absolutely true that I had so completely saturated myself with this drug that my complexion toward the last became perfectly yellow and every nerve and fibre in me was affected by the drugs in coffee.

"For days at a time I had been compelled to keep to my bed on account of nervous headache and stomach trouble and medicines did not give me any relief. I had never consulted a physician in regard to my headaches and terrible complexion and I only found out the cause of them after I commenced the use of Postum which became known to me through Grape-Nuts. We all liked the food Grape-Nuts and it helped us so we thought Postum must certainly have merit and we concluded to try it. We found it so delicious that we continued the use altogether, although I never expected it to help my health.

"After a few months my headaches were all gone and my complexion had cleared wonderfully, then I knew that my troubles had been caused by coffee and had been cured when I left off coffee and drank Postum in its place." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum will change the blood of any coffee drinker and rosy cheeks and health take the place of a yellow skin and disease.

Docked.

White Horse—So you have been in some swell stables? Well, when horses get fashionable do they lose their heads?

Black Horse—No, they lose their tails.

Radisson on the Chippewa.

A new town in Sawyer County, Wis., on the Omaha Road. Located on both the Chippewa and Couderay Rivers in center of a most fertile and promising hardwood district. Good muscallonge, bass and pike fishing in both rivers. Exceptional opportunities for landseekers. If looking for a new location don't fail to see this new country. For map and full particulars write to Postmaster, Radisson, Sawyer Co., Wis., or to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., St. Paul.

His Opinion.

She—What do you think of a woman who paints, powders and dyes her hair?

He—Well, she evidently thinks it is up to her to improve upon the Lord's handiwork.

Fate of an Amateur.

On a friend's yacht
A youth named Dacht
Set sail for a sequestered spacht;
The day was hacht
For such a jacht,
'Twould almost roast a hachtentacht;
Of skill he'd nacht
A great big lacht,
But like an arrow out he shacht;
He knew not whacht
Would be his lacht,
Until his sailboat went to pacht;
On a hospital cacht
His mind's a blacht—
And that will do for him, I wacht.

Rural Criticism.

"How savagely that cow looks at me," said the typewriter boarder from the city.

"I reckon as heow it be on account uv that air red waist yew'ye got on, Miss," answered the old farmer.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the key-toying maid. "Of course it isn't quite up to date, but I had no idea a country cow would notice it."

A Fortunate Selection.

Mother—What are all those senseless trinkets for?

Pretty Daughter—They are for the grab-bag at the church fair.

"Mercy! There is not one thing that any human being could want."

"Yes, isn't it fortunate? Everybody who draws a prize will put it back in the bag."

He Was Next.

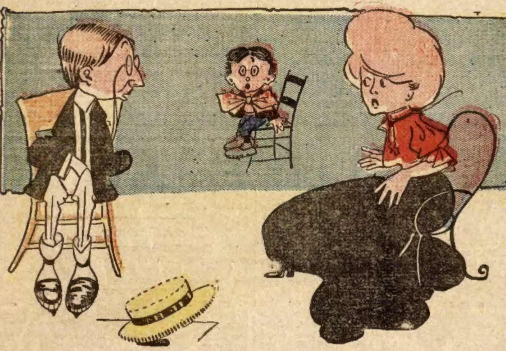
De Auber—I'm going to spend the summer sketching in the mountains.

Palette—Well, that isn't my idea of art, but I suppose there is money in it.

De Auber—Money in what?

Palette—Sketching patent-medicine advertisements on the rocks.

WHERE HE WAS TANNED.

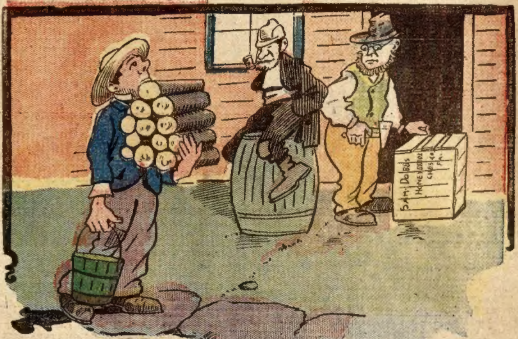


"Oh!" giggled the frivolous damsel, "you just ought to see my arms! Mamma told me not to go bathing so much, but I just would, and I got tanned away above the elbows."

"Huh!" puts in her small brother, who is sitting on the edge of the chair. "Mamma told me not to go bathing, but I didn't get tanned on the arms."

And the small boy received the usual bedtime hint.

SLOW.



Mr. Perkins—That's a pretty likely lookin' boy you've got there, Sam.

Mr. Dobbs—He's good enough if he wasn't so all-fired slow; why, if that boy had 'a' had the job a-buildin' the ark we wouldn't 'a' had the flood yit.

How He Escaped.

"Ye-es, by gosh!" drawled Farmer Crawfoot, "the town police caught one of them thar green-goods men just as he was offering to sell me a satchel full of sawdust."

"Then the evidence was convicting?" interrogated the starch-box lounger.

"No, sir-ee! That crook was so sleek he just swore the contents of the satchel was some new breakfast food he was introducing and the Judge couldn't tell the difference."

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn. (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

Couldn't Tell a Lie.

"Just throw me half a dozen of your biggest trout," said the man with the costly angler's outfit.

"Throw them!" exclaimed the astonished fish dealer.

"That's what I said," replied the party of the first part. "Then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

The Old, Old Story.

Ernie—Yes, indeed, I think they must be very much in love.

Ethel—And why?

Ernie—Well, he takes her over in the park to hear the band concert and when they come out they have to hunt up a program to see what the band played.

As Others See It.

Biggs—They say that fellow Simson is half-witted.

Diggs—Indeed! As much as that?

Wrong Diagnosis.

Biggs—What do you think of old Squills as a physician?

Diggs—He's no good.

Biggs—What reason have you for thinking he isn't?

Diggs—He told Softleigh that he was a victim of Tobacco heart and he never smoked anything but cigarettes in his life.

In the Stilly Night.

"What is it?" the druggist sleepily inquired from his bedroom window.

"This ish drug store, ain't it?" said the man who had rung the night bell.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Want to look in your city directory minute, an' shee where I live."

Strenuous Welcome.

"Yaas," said Remus Peach, "Ah ran away from home when Ah was little, en last week Ah went back to see de old man."

"Did he fall on yer neck?" asked his friend.

"Yaas, he fell all over me, en when he got fro' he lifted me out on de sidewalk."

The Green Cousin.

"How do you sleep in them thar sleepin' cars?" asked the puzzled ruralite.

"Why," said the city cousin, "we sleep in sections."

"In sections? Great turnips! Do they cut you up?"

Pat's Load.

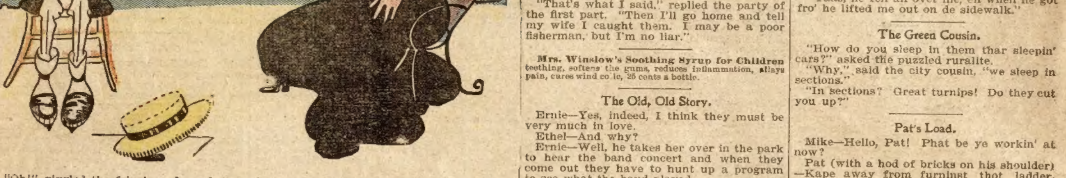
Mike—Hello, Pat! Phat be ye workin' at now?

Pat (with a hod of bricks on his shoulder) —Kape away from furninst thot ladder, Oi'm carryin' knockout drops.

"I don't see why a well-dressed man like you should have to walk the railroad track."

"Well, you see, I am a theatrical manager and I am getting together a company."

'TWAS EVER SO.



Buzzer—Now, don't say a thing, boys. I'm going to take you to a place where civilization is unknown.

"Here we are, and let me tell you that here the marring hand of time has never intruded."

(—!—!!—!!!)

JOLLITY
WEIR.

What a Baby Really Is.

The following description of a baby is going the rounds of the territorial press:

"What is a baby?" he asked, and then the following complicated definition is given: "The prince of wails, a dweller in Lapland, the morning caller, noonday crawler, midnight brawler, only possession that never excites envy, a key that opens the hearts of all classes, the rich and the poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable cheek that enters the house without a stitch to his back and is received with open arms by all."

The Editor's Joke.

An editor of a small American paper recently stated that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in the town. He promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper next month. In two weeks the circulation of his newspaper doubled. But when he gave the name of his wife he had to leave town.

A Disagreeing Wife.

"Well, how do you like married life?" inquired the friend.

"Not at all," replied the man who had married money and was suffering for it. "I'm a case of matrimonial dyspepsia."

"Matrimonial dyspepsia?"

"Yes. She never agrees with me; she's too rich."

Lessons of Experience.

Mr. Slimpurse—But why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not like? You married for love, didn't you?

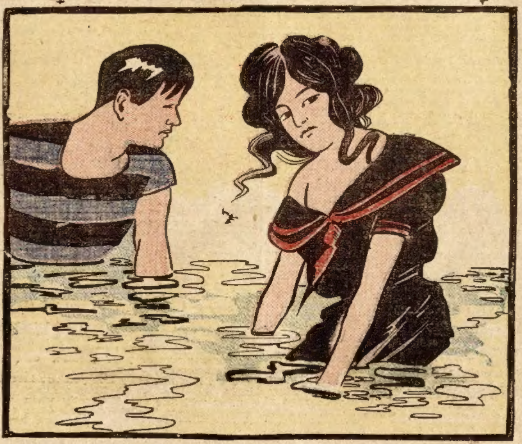
Mrs. Slimpurse—Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder.

A Reasonable Reason.

Prisoner—Ef ye plaze, y'r anner, Oi wud loik to widdraw me plea of "not guilty," an' put in a plea of "guilty."

Judge—Then why didn't you plead guilty in the first place and save all this trouble?

Prisoner—Sure, y'r anner, Oi had not heard the ividence.



"That man is a great believer in water."
"Temperance advocate?"
"No; he's a milkman."

Bought Off.

"Come, now, Johnnie—say your speech for the gentleman, and I'll give you a penny."

"Really, mother," replied Johnnie, I should like to oblige you, but—the gentleman has already given me a dollar to keep quiet."

Reason.

"Here's an interview with a man whose name is withheld, it says, for obvious reasons. Now, I don't see any reason."

"Oh, that's perfectly obvious."

"Well, what is it?"

"There's no such man."

Married for Lucre.

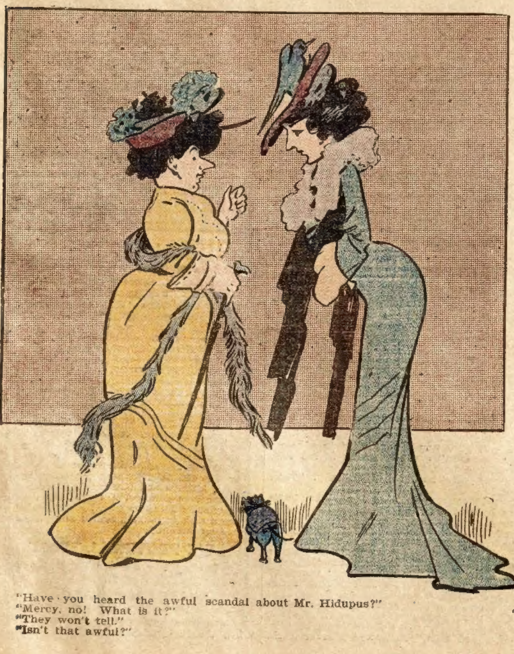
"Did he marry for money?"

"Yes."

"And did he get it?"

"He did. I understand she makes him a cash allowance of $2.50 a week."

THAT WAS AWFUL.



"Have you heard the awful scandal about Mr. Hidupus?"
"Mercy, no! What is it?"
"They won't tell."
"Isn't that awful?"

AGENTS WANTED

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DENVER DICK'S STRATEGY;

OR, DOWNING THE BOSS OF TELLURIDE.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM PERRY.

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CHAPTER XVI.

BURL YATES TURNS THE TABLES.

After Denver Dick and his friends had left the cellar Burl Yates lay bound and gagged, yet in his inmost heart cursing his present helplessness, though sorely puzzled as to how he might extricate himself.

A dread was on him, too, lest while he was there Red Murdoch should fire the fuse and send all within the house to eternity, including Yates himself.

Presently he began to examine his bonds, which being of a nature to stretch and not very skilfully tied, he plucked up some spirit and exerted himself to loosen his hands.

"Denver Dick are a pretty keen sort of a feller in a close fight, but downin' a man and keepin' him down air two different things." Thus he reflected as he tugged at his bonds. "I've jest got ter get loose, fer I'm erbleeged ter own up thet fightin' cussin', and drinkin' red liquor ain't eggzackly the best way ter fit a man fer the nex' worl', and I cain't say how soon I may be in it, ef Murdoch takes a notion to fire thet cussed powder. The wust of it is he probably don't know what a fix I'm in."

For some time the bonds resisted his efforts, but the terrifying thought of the coming explosion operated as an irresistible spur, and he continued to work and twist at the strips of cloth that confined his wrists until the sweat poured from him, though the air of the dark cellar was cool.

The skin was worn off in more than one place before he finally extricated one hand, then the other from their bonds. He slapped himself vigorously to restore the circulation and banish numbness, and had but little trouble in freeing himself from the gag and loosing his lower limbs.

He had been disarmed on being bound and this fact probably prevented his shouting, lest he should thereby draw upon himself an attack from his foes. As it was, he stole up the stairs and peered into the large room above, where he saw Murdoch and several of his men, who had emerged from the secret recess behind the wainscoting.

Their backs were toward him and he was about to make his presence known, when Red Murdoch's reply to one of the men's questions caused him to step back out of sight, yet listen closely.

He heard the cruel fate to which the heartless boss now coolly consigned him, and in an instant his friendly feelings for Murdoch were changed to hatred.

"Leave me, will he!" thought Yates, kindling with secret fury. "I am to be blown up, am I! That is, if I'm not already dead. Dod rot his selfish soul, if he blows me up he'll have to be sharper than I think he is!"

Yates esconced himself behind the shivered doorway and watched the boss, noting his instructions to his men and their dismissal. When Murdoch entered the closet above the powder, Yates was, for the moment, puzzled.

"He's in there, powder and all," reflected the man. "Doggone him! He surely won't blow up himself along with the rest. What had I better do?"

At this juncture the sound of some of the searchers returning from the upper story sent Yates back to the cellar, where he saw Murdoch emerge from the powder closet under the stairs, and close the door, leaving the key in the lock.

"What will he do next?" thought Yates. "Look for me? Not much, I guess, after talkin' the way he did upstairs."

Red Murdoch, with his small lantern held high before him, walked to the extreme end of the cellar, where was a small door in the partition wall. This he unlocked and entered, leaving the door ajar behind him.

"Here is a wrinkle I don't ketch on to," muttered Yates. "Durn my eyelids, though, if I don't mean to find out what the cantanterous cuss is tryin' to do!"

With this resolve uppermost, Yates crept forward and peered within the door, finding a much smaller apartment therein. Red Murdoch was unlocking something, and in another minute had opened a smaller aperture which had an iron grating behind the heavy wooden shutter that the boss had opened and into which he peered, assisting his eyes with the lantern.

Suddenly the boss drew back as if he anticipated some harm.

"Halt!" said a quick, stern voice, which Yates at once recognized as belonging to Denver Dick. "Move another inch and I shoot!"

Red Murdoch appeared to stiffen under the words and Yates saw the barrel of a revolver gleam in the lantern's light, with its muzzle pointed unerringly toward the boss.

"I hardly expected to see you back so soon," remarked the Colorado Sport. "Yet I must confess I never longed more for your company than I do right now."

"Stow all that," growled the boss, cursing his own carelessness, who would have ducked down out of range had he dared, but who also knew that the quickest and surest pistol shot in the West would not permit him to do so and remain alive. "What do you want with me?"

"What do I want with him?" Dick Gentry laughed, yet the sound made the boss nervous. "Do you hear that, Mr. Bryant?" Then altering his ironical tone to one of stern command: "Get out of here, you dog!"

"How can I unless I go to the trap-door above?"

"If you stir a hair's breadth, it will be your last move in this world. Call that scoundrel in the doorway."

In his interest in this scene Yates had incautiously intruded his villainous face within the opening of the door and he now saw a second pistol barrel pointed at himself.

Red Murdoch started violently, yet he dared not turn his head.

"Keep perfectly still," continued Denver Dick. "I have you both covered and at the least sign of your leaving us in this hell-hole I will certainly kill you both."

Both kept quiet, Yates wondering what would happen next, and Murdoch cursing his imprudence for allowing his wish to taunt his prisoners before firing the fuse, to place him in such an unexpected predicament.

"The fellow at the door is the rascal you left in the cellar on guard," explained Gentry, blandly. "He is one of you. Order him to go up and throw open the trap-door. I wonder we do not hear something from my men."

"Yates," said Murdoch, who knew not that his treacherous design on his follower had been overheard by Burl, "do as this man tells you. I—I——"

He paused, fairly choking with rage at his own impotence, while Yates, smiling grimly, cried out:

"All right, boss. I'm your man, whenever you tell me to git."

"Away with you. If you fall into the hands of any of our men, tell them what I sent you to do."

Yates withdrew his head, while his face was distorted by a malicious grin. But he was no sooner outside than his eye caught sight of Murdoch's key, which the latter had left in the lock.

By the bones of my two arms here is my chance," he muttered to himself. "Murdoch would have blowed me up, and Denver Dick I hates naterally. This burg is gettin' too hot for me, anyhow, so I'll just even up matters a bit and light out fer a more healthy locality."

So thinking, he quickly closed the door and turned the key.

He heard a noise either on the cellar stairs or in the passage above, and hurried away in the darkness, regardless of the muffled shouting that arose behind him from Murdoch, now held as in a vise between the fear that Yates had fastened him in and the dread of Gentry's pistol should he stir without permission.

After some groping about Burl found the door leading to the powder closet which he opened, for the boss had left it unlocked. Then he climbed the ladder, and feeling in his pockets took out a match.

At this moment some faint prick of conscience made him pause, for even to his crime-hardened conscience, the idea of doing murder by wholesale was, at the instant of transforming his purpose into action, rather appalling to his soul.

Outside he heard the voices of Casey, Blue Dave and others, while their scuffling feet betokened that they were still searching for Red Murdoch and his men.

"By the inds av me tin toes!" exclaimed Casey. "It's a wonderin' Oi am phwat can have gone wid Dinver Dick."

"Bet your sweet life he's all right," replied one of the men. "I know him. It's more'n like he's got the boss cornered somewheres and down on his knees beggin' for marcy."

"There ain't a soul upstairs," remarked Blue Dave, "for we've looked in every blamed hole and corner."

"Mebbe he's gone down the cellar," suggested another. "But what gits me is where the rest of the gang can have gone."

"Sure, ain't they loike rats for havin' holes to crawl into?" responded the innkeeper. "Whin Rid Murdoch built this shebang 'tis said by thim thot ought to know thot he filled it as full av sacret places as a perary dog's nist."

"Well, we haven't looked through the cellar since the gang and the boss took their feet in their hands and vamosed."

These intimations of searching the cellar did away with Burl Yates' hesitation, and after seeing that the upper door was fastened he lighted his match and applied it to the end of the fuse.

"Burn, confound ye!" he hissed, as the paper and powder sputtered into activity, "by the time ye reach the barrel, may I be out of your way."

So saying, he descended the ladder, reentered the cellar, and closed the closet door, then made his way toward the hole behind the packing cases which he had vainly attempted to guard against hostile intrusion.

Muffled sounds were audible from the place where the boss of Telluride was locked in, and Yates paused to listen as a grim smile overspread his countenance.

"Ye'd leave me to be blow'd up, would ye," he said to himself, apostrophizing Red Murdoch. "I sarved ye well, but I'm thinkin' I'll sarve meself better by leavin' you take what you meant should be for me."

A noise at the head of the cellar stairs startled him, as several men with a lantern started downward on their task of searching below for their leader. Yates darted through the hole and disappeared.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOCKED UP.

When Red Murdoch heard the key turn in the lock as Yates slammed the door shut, his suspicions were at once aroused and the thought that he was not only under the pistol muzzle of the dreaded man-hunter, but locked inside one of his own secret prison cells, sent cold chills pulsating down his spine.

"Open that door!" he shouted. "You infernal rascal, what do you mean by locking me in here!"

Of course, there came no answer from Yates, and the boss longed to leap to the door and try his strength in reopening it, but he feared to stir without Gentry's permission, lest still worse should happen.

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Gentry, for Murdoch was trembling and drops of sweat were rolling down his face. "Have you lost your nerve at last?"

The Colorado Sport spoke in contemptuous accents, but roused Red Murdoch's resentment, and he fixed a cold, evil eye upon Denver Dick as he pointed to the door.

"Never!" he exclaimed. "If it comes to the pinch I will show as much nerve in all probability as you. That black-guard has locked the door."

"What does he mean by that?"

"Let me go and try if it is not possible to pry it open."

"Yes; and fail to return if you succeed. That wil not do, Red Murdoch, alias Doss Hawkins, alias Jack the Strangler."

Murdoch started as if a bullet had pierced him, and turned so pale that the Bryants, who were looking over Denver Dick's shoulder, thought the man was going to faint.

But he recovered his icy composure by a strong effort of will, and only a deeper gleam in his cold, hard eye evinced that his very soul had been stirred by dread, and also by hatred for the man whose retentive memory had at last placed and located his true identity.

"Ever since I got my first good look at you in Denver," continued Gentry, "I have been haunted with the notion that I have seen either you or your picture, or your double before."

"That is a fine fairy tale you are inventing."

"You will find out differently when you reach Denver. That look which came over you when you heard the key turn in yonder lock, was the one change of expression needed to enable me to remember clearly."

"You are mistaken. I am not going back to Denver."

"Yes; you will. Easy now. This gun is mighty quick on trigger. I know a detective back there who wants you, Jack."

"I tell you my name is not Jack."

"It was Jack, however, five years ago in Chicago. At least the police have you down so, and your picture, somewhat changed from your present get up, is in a good many rogues' galleries. This detective showed it to me, but somehow I never connected it with you until this very moment."

While speaking, Denver Dick, with his left hand, wrenched off one of the rusted iron bars that formed the grating. There were only three others and, still keeping Murdoch covered, he, with Mr. Bryant's assistance, began pulling off the others, much to Murdoch's surprise, who had no idea that rust had so eaten away their strength.

"What are you doing that for?" he suddenly demanded.

"I am going to secure your person so that you cannot harm us, then I am going to get out of here."

"Fool!" exclaimed the boss. "There is a mine of powder laid in this house. Yates and one or two others know it's location."

"How? Do you mean that we are liable to be blown up?"

The intervening bars having been wrenched aside Gentleman Joe thrust himself through the opening and held his revolver close to Murdoch's head, who stood motionless, though he was of an ashy hue.

"Yates had no business to lock that door," said the boss. "It makes me believe that he has turned against me, for I have at times been severe with him, as he has a bad temper. It would be like him to gratify his spite against me and at the same time his enmity to you, by setting fire to the fuse and ridding himself of us altogether."

Denver Dick when this startling intelligence was made known, spoke encouragingly to the Bryants, without removing his eyes from the boss.

"Trust all to me," he said. "I will do the best that can be done."

He next addressed himself to Murdoch, saying:

"Deliver up your arms—guns, knife, everything."

"I will not do it," returned Murdoch, stubbornly. "I will not be taken alive by you."

Dick Gentry's pistol dropped to a line with Murdoch's heart and his eyes took on a steely glitter.

"I will give you ten seconds to give up your weapons," and something in his tone caused the boss to wilt.

"Curse you!" he growled, sullenly. "Take them."

Two large revolvers and a long knife were handed over to Mr. Bryant at a sign from the Colorado Sport, who took the lantern himself and leaped lightly through the wide window.

"Pull off your coat," commanded Denver Dick, still keeping the boss of Telluride covered. "Don't fall asleep over the job," he presently added, as Red Murdoch delayed complying.

"Oh, come now," exclaimed the latter. "What good will my coat do you? Besides, I need it. It is rather chilly down here."

"My good man," remarked Denver Dick, yawning lazily. "My fingers shake this morning. Guess I am getting nervous, on account of your keeping me up all night. This trigger might go off accidentally, and I would be deprived of the pleasure of taking you back to Denver."

"That you never shall do!" retorted the boss of Telluride, pulling off his coat, however. "Never, while I am alive."

"Thanks, awfully. Here, Miss Bryant, you and your father be good enough to tear this coat up into good strong strips."

He handed the garment, together with a pocket knife, through the opening and took a brief glance at the girl and her father. Their pale, startled looks appealed to his sympathy, but he did not forget that at his pistol's point was a merciless wretch who would show no mercy, did the Colorado Sport allow him the least opportunity.

"Are we—we—really in momentary danger of—being—blown up?" asked the girl in broken accents.

"Murdoch here says so; but he is un-

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doubtedly such a liar that I don't know whether to believe him or not."

"Wait and see," growled the boss. "You'll believe it I guess when it comes to pass."

"If we are alive, eh," said Denver Dick, who affected a jovial humor for the sake of cheering Miss Bryant. "If we are really in such danger we might call out, though I fear these walls are so thick that we can hardly be heard. Meanwhile, Mr. Murdoch, I will take the liberty of binding your arms and legs a bit for fear you do somebody a mischief."

"I will not be tied," said the boss, glaring angrily at Gentry.

"Now, why will you make so much trouble, my good sir?" The Sport turned slightly, addressed the girl, saying, "Give me the strings, please."

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Murdoch, earnestly. "I tell you all of our lives are in great danger. Your men are in the house. Mine are safe away by this time. I say you and yours will be the ones to suffer."

"At any rate, we have you, Mr. Hawkins. I am fully aware of the diabolical fate to which your villainy exposes us, but I came here to get you and if I die myself you will meet the same doom."

"You do not understand," urged Murdoch. "I know a way for us four to escape. I do, indeed."

"Too thin, old man," sneered Denver Dick. "Cross your hands behind your back. You can show us the way as well tied as loose."

The boss appeared to acquiesce, seeing that he could make no impression by persuasion upon the Colorado Sport; but as his hands went back he stooped down somewhat and rose again with incredible swiftness.

A bright blade flashed in the air

He had drawn the weapon from his boot where it had lain concealed.

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BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

A few years ago, during the period of the Roman carnival, when the people of the Eternal City feel bound to go mad for a certain number of days to indemnify themselves for the gloom of the greater part of the year, a Mr. Martin Rogers, a merchant of New York, arrived in Rome, and took up his quarters at the Minerva Hotel. One of the first things he did was to call on his friend, the Hon. Mr. Richard Lesley, American Ambassador to one of the foreign courts, on leave of absence from his duties for a short time, a favor solicited to enable him to "see Rome and do as the Romans do." I must state here that the incident I am about to relate is simply a fact, but that the reader will vainly seek in the New York Directory for the name of my merchant, or in the Blue Book for that of my plenipotentiary, as the former, who told me the anecdote, made me promise beforehand, if I ever put the narrative into print, not to mention the real names of the parties

Mr. Lesley received his friend very courteously, and in answer to a question of Rogers about the carnival answered:

"It's slow—slow—my boy. Nothing like the Fourth of July. I am tired of all these tomfooleries; the noise and row have given me the headache, and I'm nearly blind, for yesterday I rode through the Corso without putting my mask on and got my eyes full of white dust from the confounded confetti. So I'm ill today. So, if you'd like to go among the maskers and mummers, I can lend you my costume—I was foolish enough to buy an entirely new and costly rig."

The ambassador then showed the merchant his properties.

"Here's a shirt of chain armor. I'd put that on, because it glitters, for my stupid valet, not knowing it was an antique, valued for its venerable look, must needs scour off the rust. Here's a scarlet mantle, laced with gold, a cap and feather, and a mask."

The merchant rigged himself out and sallied forth into the streets. He felt rather foolish as he descended the staircase, but once out of doors he was in a crowd of maskers and lost his sense of individual ridicule.

He soon reached the Corso, which was densely crowded; the narrow sidewalks being packed, the streets full of carriages, all of the balconies filled, and the air full of white dust from the showering sugarplums.

Our friend ascended the steps of a church which were crowded with spectators, men, women and children, to obtain a better view of the motley spectacle, and was closely wedged in by persons pressing him on each side.

All at once a hoarse voice whispered in his ear:

"Richard Lesley! I swore vengeance, and the hour has come!"

At the same instant a keen pain shot through his frame, the force of a blow delivered from behind, sent him off his feet, he fell forward on the people before him, who divided to the right and left, and lay at the foot of the marble steps, motionless.

All was wild commotion and dismay. The crowd made way for an officer of the police, who was near at hand, and who demanded

"Who is this man? Does any one know him?"

"I do," said a man, advancing; "he is my master—the Hon. Richard Lesley, an American Ambassador. I recognized the dress. I brushed it for him this morning, just before he gave me a holiday."

"Lift his mask and give him air," said the police officer.

Beppo, who was the servant's name, obeyed, but when he had removed the mask, exclaimed:

"This is not Signor Lesley."

"But you identify the costume?"

"Yes; I can swear to it," said Beppo.

By this time Rogers opened his eyes, gave other signs of life, and even struggled to rise to his feet.

Beppo and the police officer assisted our friend into the shop of an apothecary, who proceeded at once to examine the merchant's hurts. On removing his cloak a few drops of blood were seen near the base of the spinal column, and from the folds of the mantle a knife, with the point broken, fell to the floor. This the police officer took charge of. The wound itself, though painful, proved to be slight, for the chain mail had saved the life of the wearer and broken the assassin's weapon.

The official took down the name and address of the New York merchant, and then permitted him to get into a carriage with Beppo and drive to Mr. Lesley's stopping-place, the Hotel de Russia.

The diplomatist was astounded when he heard the details of the adventure.

"You are sure the would-be murderer called you Lesley, Mr. Rogers?"

"Perfectly sure. Have you any mortal enemy in Rome?"

"None that I know of. I am a stranger here."

"Any inveterate enemy that might have followed you from city to city for the purpose of revenge?"

"Ha!" exclaimed the ambassador, springing to his feet. "I have it! It is a mystery no longer. Last year I was active in procuring the extradition of a Belgian murderer who had fled to the United States. On the passage over and in prison he swore revenge on all parties concerned in his capture and that of the plunder, for the sake of which he had committed assassination. As ill luck would have it, he escaped from the Belgian authorities some time ago, and has not since been heard of. That was the man who came so near killing you. I will see Cardinal Montovari at once, and give him the villain's description."

"And while you're about it," said the merchant, rubbing his back, "you may as well take my passport and have it vised immediately. I'm going to Florence."

"When?"

"Tonight."

"Pshaw! You have not seen anything of the carnival!"

"I've seen enough of it," replied Mr. Rogers; "and it's my opinion that it's a very poor show."

Nothing could induce the gentleman to remain. He was off in the evening train, after having registered a vow that he would never take a part in a carnival again, and above all, never parade in borrowed plumage.

As for the assassin, though the American Minister at Rome, Mr. Lesley, and Cardinal Montovari, aided by the police, combined in the effort to discover him, he eluded all pursuit, and has not been recaptured up to this very date.

◆

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I kno countless fellows who owe menny ov their other virtews to, their ekonemy; they are simply too stingy to pay the market price ov iniquity.

Thare may be sutch a thing az a man who haz stole once and then stopt, but we hav not the honor ov hiz acquaintance.

All ov mi suckcesses in life hav been surprises. I hav allwus kaught mi biggest phish when I hav been angling for minnows.

Thare iz no one so cunning but he kan be beat at hiz own game, and none so wize but he will often hav ockashun to marvel at hiz ignorance.

Young man, if you hav doubts about enny thing, give yure konshience the benefit of the doubt.

Thare should be the same law enakted against carrying wit on a man's person that thare is aginst carrying concealed weapons.

Ghosts are like fleas—plenty enuff, and lively enuff, too; but you kan't put your fingers on them.

Yu kan git men once in a while to admit that they have been guilty of a blunder, but I never knu a woman to own up to a mistake.

The reazon why truth iz so often overlooked iz not bekause it is so abstruse, but bekause it iz so simple.

◆

Suitable.

Samuel Johnson would seldom admit anything good about the Scotch. He objected theoretically to a certain kind of pudding, although he had eaten a great plenty of it.

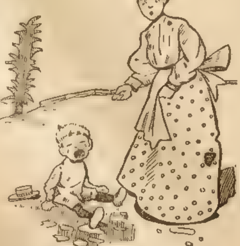
"What do you think o' the puddin'?" asked the old Scotch lady at whose table he was dining, seeing that he had partaken so generously of it.

"Humph!" replied Johnson, with his mouth full, "it's very good for pigs!"

"Then let me gi' y' some mair o' it," said the old lady helping him bountifully.

◆

Envy.



"Why, Johnnie, what's the matter?"

"Boo-hoo! Willie Simkins has more warts than me."

Good Living an Aid to Beauty.

Good living means correct living as regards good habits, early hours, plenty of refreshing slumber, and plain and substantial food. Therefore, good living is conducive to good looks. Women who enjoy about eight hours' sleep every night, and who take plenty of nourishing food, remain young much longer than those who do not. They have brighter eyes, clearer skins, and firmer muscles.

The depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, those dread enemies of beauty. Hence every woman should eat to keep the muscles firm and full.

Over-eating is not advocated, because that is a source of facial and bodily disfigurement, just as gluttony is, relatively, the cause of disease. But one should have not only wholesome, but also abundant diet, if youth and beauty are to be retained.

If girls would take more milk, their skins would grow velvety, and resemble more the peaches-and-cream complexion that is so attractive and desirable. To make permanent flesh drink milk, cream and cocoa.

One of the fads of the fashionable girl is to take quantities of hot milk, which she asserts produces wonderful results in maintaining and restoring a beautiful skin.

Warm milk, judiciously taken, is nourishing and stimulating. If taken at night, a glass of warm milk is refreshing and sleep-inducing, and sleep is the great aid to the preservation of youth and good looks.

Many people complain that they cannot drink milk without being distressed by it. This is because they drink it too fast. At least four minutes should be occupied in drinking a glass of milk.

Plenty of good, cool butter is one of the most valuable of foods. It is only when fat is fried and changed into the fatty acids that it becomes harmful to digestion and to the beauty of the skin.

Sugar is excellent food, provided it is pure. It is easily digested and absorbed, and, under certain circumstances, it may be converted into fat.

Sugar is one of the best foods for producing muscle; indeed, it is a great aid to muscular activity. It is, therefore, an excellent food, or rather an adjunct to the regular diet, in producing muscle.

To have a clear, fair complexion, it is absolutely necessary to drink much water. Moderate drinking with the meals is recommended.

Half a glass of water should be sipped in the course of each meal, provided, of course, that other beverages are not taken at the same time. This, with one glassful between meals, one at night, and one before breakfast, completes the amount of water that should be taken daily.

Too much salt, and all highly seasoned foods, are bad for the skin. Pastry in every form should be avoided.

Other articles of diet which sometimes give trouble are pork, veal, cheese, nuts and bananas. Shellfish—lobsters, crabs and oysters—are sometimes troublesome in their effects, and should be shunned.

A wonderful thing to clear the complexion is an onion, but out of respect to one's friends they are often an impossible diet, but carrots are an excellent substitute.

A slight repast just before retiring, say a glass of warm milk and a cracker, or a cup of beef tea, is very beneficial, especially to thin people.

A woman should not expect to get much benefit from her food if she eats when very tired. Don't try to rest yourself by eating a hearty meal. When one is exhausted, instead of eating, lie down for an hour until rested. No sensible person will eat when very tired.

◆

Great Inventions.

The airbrake was invented by Westinghouse in 1874; the torpedo, by Bushnell, 1777; watch, by Peter Hele, 1477; thermometer, by Drebel, 1609; telescope, by Lippersheim, 1608; printing, by Gansfleisch, 1438; cotton gin, by Eli Whitney, 1783; microscope, by Jansen, 1590; lithography, by Senefelder, 1798; lightning rods, by Franklin, 1752; gunpowder, by Schwarz, 1320; balloon, by Montgolfier, 1783; barometer, by Torrecelli, 1643.

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Boys and Girls Corner

Adrift on a Junk;

Or, Boy Sailors of the China Sea.

By St. George Rathborne.

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CHAPTER V.

THE MUTINEERS HAVE THEIR INNING.

The night came on dark as Egypt, yet there were stars blinking in the great dome overhead, and the barometer did not indicate a speedy advent of the expected typhoon.

Julian was very uneasy, though he could not have really explained the reasons for this had he been put upon the witness stand—he seemed to have an intuition that danger hung over the craft, but then sailors as a rule are superstitious, and he chided himself for allowing such notions to have dominion over him. Why, with the rising of the sun they would disperse, just as the captain's storm clouds might never materialize.

And yet he noticed that neither Bob nor the girl seemed in their usual merry moods at supper, though possibly it was the crossness of the skipper that influenced them.

Still, it was always possible that one or both of them had witnessed the drastic punishment of the impudent sailorman, and noted the scowls of those who led him away to his bunk in the forecastle.

While his watch lasted Julian saw nothing amiss, save that the men continued to clap their heads together whenever an opportunity arose, as though in mutual confidences they could bolster up each other's courage.

Tired as he was, he threw himself into his bunk, having surrendered the deck to Mr. Atkins, the first mate, who was a quiet, undemonstrative individual, well up in his duties, but not to be counted on as a factor in the game if the crew mutinied against the captain, who would have to bear the brunt of the game on his own shoulders

Julian fell asleep almost immediately his head touched the pillow, for it had been a trying day in many ways, and he had been cheated out of several hours' slumber on the previous night because his brain persisted in working and conjuring up all manner of ridiculous things that were not likely to happen to mariners in these latter days.

He never knew how long he remained in this deep sleep, or what it was that aroused him; at the moment he fancied he had heard a shout of alarm, or the report of a weapon, so that he raised himself on his elbow, and with wildly beating heart listened for a repetition; but nothing reached his ear save the gurgle of the water that raced along the side of the brig close by his bunk, and then he decided that after all it must have been the result of a dream.

While he lay down again to woo gentle slumber, he found that his heart was still beating very like a trip-hammer, and that the same old array of miserable anticipations of trouble had begun to surge through his brain.

So far as he could tell from the motions of the vessel they were booming along at a lively clip; but there was no indication of a storm, at least as he could experience it down below.

Just when he was beginning to drop off again, he experienced another shock as he became conscious that some person was fumbling at the door of his little den, called by grace a state room.

This time Julian sat up and listened. Could it be that one of the crew come to murder him because of his terrible reputation as given out by that prank-loving Bob? Had the mutiny broken out, and was the sound that had aroused him before been the report of the captain's revolver?

Under certain conditions such thoughts give even a brave man a creepy sensation; and the utter darkness with which he was surrounded had its effect upon Julian, making him almost afraid.

The door opened, and he could hear some one breathing hard, though not a blessed thing could he see, strain his eyes as he might.

He had unconsciously reached for the weapon which he kept under his pillow while he slept, and the touch of this inspired him with new confidence, for he felt that at least he had the means of defending himself if it came to the worst.

"Who is it? Stand where you are!" he exclaimed, and if there was a little quaver in his voice it was not to be wondered at.

"Julian!" came in a hoarse whisper, and he seemed to divine almost instantly that it was none other than Bob who spoke.

"Hello! What's up?" demanded the other, vastly relieved to find that he did not have a Kanaka assassin to deal with.

Bob was fastening the door with the only thing his groping hands could discover, and which chanced to be a chair Julian had purloined from the cabin, though its presence made moving about in his den almost impossible.

"It's happened," whispered Bob, in the same strained tone, just as though he entertained a deadly fear lest some listening ear might catch what he said.

Julian guessed the rest; he knew it could not mean the advent of the typhoon, for in that case the brig would be plunging up and down like a wild broncho of the Western plains, instead of sailing smoothly along as she was now doing; there was only one other thing, the advent of which he had looked forward to with dread, and when Bob declared that something dreadful had happened his mind instinctively flashed to the crew.

"Is it mutiny?" he asked, trying to control his voice, for poor Bob seemed so entirely broken up that it was really necessary one of them should be equal to the occasion.

"Yes; the men have taken possession of the ship," was what Bob said in reply.

"That is terrible news. "What of Captain Baxter? Have they murdered him?" the second mate asked, as he slid from the bunk, still gripping the weapon, though in all probability he hardly knew he had it in his hand.

"I don't know; but something has happened to him for I saw the men carry him forward."

"To throw him overboard?" gasped the other, quivering with excitement.

"No; though they may do that yet, if the hot-heads prevail; but they took him down into the fo'castle, where I guess they've tied him tight enough. Atkins wasn't on deck, and I'm afraid he's either dead or a prisoner, too. I had an awful experience, Julian, and it's no wonder I'm shivering."

"Tell me what happened," said the other, laying his hand on Bob's arm, as if to reassure the English lad

"Ugh! You see, I thought I heard an outcry, and crawling out, made my way to the deck, wondering what it meant; everything seemed quiet enough there, although I noticed that neither Mr. Atkins nor the captain was in sight. Then, as I walked along I suddenly slipped and sat down. It wasn't a lurch of the old wind-jammer that upset me, either, but something slippery on the deck, something that I felt with my hand, and when I got up and ran over to the binnacle light to look I found it was blood!"

"Gee!" ejaculated Julian, thrilled by the horror of it all.

"Then I knew something had happened, and I began to shake like everything, and wonder what I should do; when I saw four of the crew come along carrying an object between 'em, which turned out to be the captain. First, I thought he was dead, but when I saw they'd wrapped a rope around him I knew different, and that he was a prisoner of war. After that I thought of you, and managed to creep here without them seeing me. That's all."

It was quite enough for Julian, who did not think to take any satisfaction in the fact, that he had turned out a better prophet than the skipper.

"What ought we to do?" he said, trying to turn matters over in his mind, in the which confronted them, and which was by long odds the most serious that had as yet cropped up in the course of his whole life.

"Sure, I hardly know; here we are, two boys against twelve big scoundrels, who would think nothing of eating us up like the giants of old. What can we do? You're the best to take charge, and I'm willing to try and carry out anything you say, only do be careful, dear Julian, for they'll throw us overboard to the sharks if we get licked."

"If we could only get him loose," said the other, slowly, as if thinking of some desperate plan.

"The captain, you mean; well, perhaps we may before the morning. Do you think they'll hurt Tressie?"

Julian gave a cry. He had quite forgotten the presence of the girl on board the craft, and at thought of any one offering to injure a hair of her pretty head he shut his teeth hard and clutched his weapon savagely.

"They'd better not, that's all; but where is she? Perhaps she heard that shout and outcry, too, and is now crying in her little cabin. Come, we must go to her, no matter what happens."

"You're right, old fellow; if I only had something in the shape of a weapon I'd be better satisfied; but once in the cabin, I know where I can lay my hands on a Malay kriss or two he has on the wall. Go on."

Now, it might be supposed that, as Bob had been a year or two on board the brig, and was familiar with every inch of the vessel, he would have taken it upon himself to have acted the part of guide; but instead he yielded that post of honor most readily to his bolder companion; besides, in an affair of this nature the second mate was better calculated to lead than a mere secretary or purser, he thought.

It was with considerable anxiety and not a little trembling through excitement that Julian led the way to the cabin. How were they to know what the bold plans of the mutineers might be, and that they would not find some of the crew waiting to receive them with knife or bludgeon as they pushed in at the cabin door?

He kept himself prepared for such an emergency, being resolved to sell his life dearly should it come to that; but not a living soul seemed to be abroad, or at least they met with no one between Julian's den and the little cabin, where Captain Baxter and his daughter had their state rooms.

In the cabin a swinging lamp held by four chains, gave a subdued light, and when Julian had given a swift look around without discovering anything suspicious, he heaved a sigh of genuine relief, which was echoed by the lad at his heels, for neither was spoiling for a fight.

Just then the door of a state room opened cautiously, and a little head of golden hair peeped out. On seeing them, Tressie hastened to come forth, and hurried to their side with a look of fear on her pretty face that quite upset Julian.

"Oh, what dreadful thing has happened. I was awakened by such a noise; I thought the ship must surely be sinking, and I've been lying in my bunk trying to say my prayers ever since. Just now it dawned on me that this could not be what was happening, and I began to fear other dreadful things when I looked out and saw you. Tell me, where is papa?" she demanded.

It was useless trying to conceal the true state of affairs from her, and she had proven herself so very courageous on other occasions that they had hopes of her being able to overcome the natural terror that must assail her heart when she learned of her father's peril.

So Julian told her, trying to soften the blow as much as possible; and his judgment in the matter was good, for in a few minutes Tressie had recovered from the shock, and told them not to worry about her, but that if she could assist in any way to let her know; which was very brave of the little woman, Julian thought.

Meanwhile, Bob had managed to shut and fasten the cabin door. It was not a very stout one, and could hardly make an effective resistance should the mutineeers endeavor to force it with beams; but the fact of even a frail barrier between those fierce men and themselves was reassuring.

After doing this brilliant stroke in the line of defense Bob began to look around for some manner of weapon, and was presently loading himself down with a remarkable collection of Asiatic swords and daggers, taken from a prize assortment that the captain had picked up during his memorable cruises, and which up to now decorated the walls of the little saloon. There were the steel blades of Arabs, Moors, Hindoos, Malays, Chinese, and not even forgetting the Filipino bolo, of which our boys in khaki have learned so much during the unpleasantness out in the far East.

Bob was greedy, and filled his belt so full with these aggressive instruments intended for agonizing deeds that he reminded his friend of a Kurdish brigand or a Persian freeebooter. Indeed, there was always more or less danger that he would trip through the very weight of his armament, and fall foul of some among the sharp points.

Of firearms they found none, and if a supply existed on board for emergencies of this character, the secret hiding-place remained with the captain.

And now sounds began to float down to them that were full of significance—loud shouts, heavy laughter, and even snatches of ribald song, proving that the search for

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strong drink had met with more or less success, as there were casks of liquor in the hold consigned to some business house in Singapore, and of which the crew were aware, having assisted in its storage.

This made the affair doubly grave, as Julian well knew, having seen something of the effect of brandy upon the human race. He found his fears increasing now, rather than diminishing, for while these fellows might hesitate to proceed to extremes when sober, there was no limit to their deviltry as the fumes of liquor ascended to their brains; so that he feared the outlook for Captain Baxter was bad, unless something could be done to rescue him before the humor to slay came upon the mutineers.

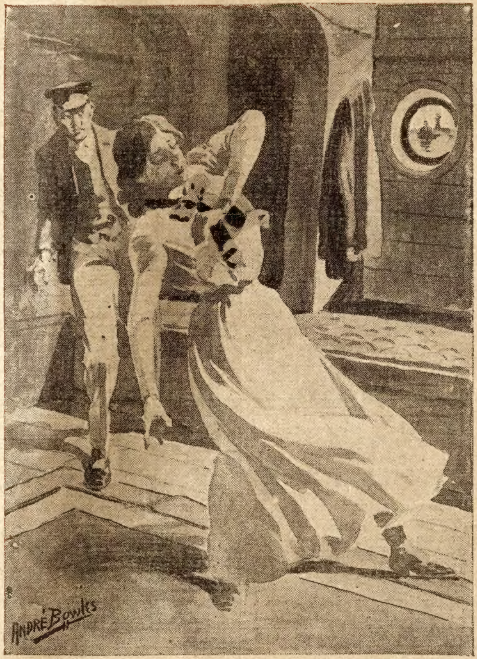
There was a skylight in the ceiling of the cabin to admit light and air, and it was through this opening the sounds floated down to them. While they stood there debating as to what would be their best move under the circumstances, Bob suddenly clutched the arm of his friend in a fierce clasp.

"Hark! As sure as I live, that's the laugh of our old enemy, Mate Pandy, and we left him in Hongkong, too. This is awful strange. How'd he get here?" he said, and while Julian also recognized the deep-toned boom of the giant's merry laugh, he was not quite so ignorant as to how the scoundrel had come aboard the Wanderer, for it flashed upon him then and there what the mission of the sampan that had brushed along the side of the brig in the harbor of Hongkong had been.

CHAPTER VI.

SENT ADRIFT IN A YAWL.

The presence of the ex-mate on board gave Julian considerable uneasiness, for he believed their situation to be rendered more desperate on that account.



There broke forth a shrill shriek as Tressie caught sight of her father.

It was easy to understand how this same Pandy had been secreted by members of the crew in sympathy with his designs, and that he had fomented the present trouble. Perhaps it had been his brutal hand that had struck the skipper down unawares; for so great was the fear and respect felt toward Captain Baxter that no man on board dared face him in anger, and it stood to reason that he had been caught in ambush.

That night would never be forgotten by any of the trio. From time to time they saw dark faces leering at them through the open skylight, and finally, at the wish of the girl, the light was extinguished, so that they crouched in the gloom, listening to the sounds that rose and fell on the night air, as the riotous crew made merry forward.

Julian dared not sleep, for he could not dismiss from his mind the thought that at any moment some of the half-drunken wretches might take it into their heads to try and burst the door of the cabin in, with a vague purpose of doing some form of evil to those who had sought shelter there.

He meant to be brave, yet when the awful facts presented themselves before his mind's eye their grisly character caused him to shiver; after which he would brace up, shut his teeth hard together, and resolve to defend Tressie to the bitter end, for it was of the little maid he thought most.

As she utterly refused to reenter her state room to rest, Julian, with the assistance of Bob, managed to fashion a cot out of some downy pillows, upon which Tressie could recline. She had vowed she could not sleep a wink the whole blessed night, but when later on Julian crept over to the corner and whispered her name, she made no reply, he knew that tired nature had claimed her even against her despotic will.

This pleased him more than a little, and he went back to his task of listening close beside the door, with a lighter heart.

Several times he felt certain he had heard some one moving just beyond and once a hand had gently tried the door, whereat Julian's heart began to beat like a trip-hammer in his bosom. Thinking the decisive hour had arrived, he aroused Bob, who had also fallen into a doze; but, to his surprise, there succeeded no assault upon their frail barricade, and the minutes passed without further alarm.

By degrees the noise and confusion seemed to die out, and he could imagine that the mutineers were one by one dropping off, as a result of their frequent potations. This gave birth to a bold idea concerning the possible rescue of Captain Baxter and the first mate.

What was to hinder him slipping out and reconnoitering while the majority of the crew lay in their drunken slumbers?

He talked it over with Bob in whispers, so as not to disturb the girl, and found that the English boy commended the scheme, though frankly confessing that he himself lacked the nerve to carry it out.

When Julian finally found himself outside the cabin door, and fully embarked on his exploring expedition, he summoned all his resolution to the fore in order that he might not ruin everything through silly trembling. Fortunately, he was fairly endowed by a kindly nature with the commodity known under the name of nerve, and in numerous past instances when on hunting trips had proven his ability to meet danger boldly.

He listened until he had made sure that Bob was fastening the door securely, and relieved of this anxiety, started toward the companionway, intending to creep on deck if so be the route was clear.

As he thrust his head above the deck line and glanced eagerly around, he found that the stars still shone above, just as if no dark deed were in the process of being enacted below, and the anticipated storm seemed as far away as before.

"It must be far on toward morning," he thought, and his eyes sought the east as if to discover some faint trace of dawn there; but the time had not yet come for that.

Higher still he pushed himself, for the decks seemed deserted, save for the silent figure at the wheel, whose form he could just dimly discern, outlined against the starry dome low down near the horizon.

Presently Julian was crawling along over the deck, careful not to make the least sound that could attract attention, and aiming to reach the forward part of the vessel in order to discover what they had done with the officers.

Not all of the crew were drunk, that was certain, for he presently heard voices near by, and found that the watch had crouched down out of the wind, and were engaged in a discussion concerning the disposal of the cargo when a division had been effected.

Julian could not pass them in order to enter the forecastle, since they simply blocked the way, and disheartened at the meager success attending his efforts in the skipper's behalf, he could only crawl up a little closer and listen to what they said,

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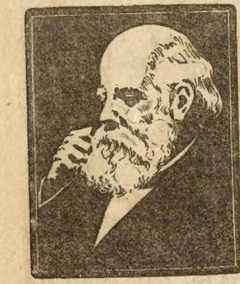

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in the vague hope that at least it might remove the badge of secrecy concerning what had befallen the two officers.

He was surprised to learn that these fellows were not quite as bloodthirsty as he had pictured them. Already several began to show signs of weakening, for the reward of mutiny is generally so swift and painful these days that few mariners care to put their necks in a hempen collar; and Julian was convinced that but for the influence which the ex-mate had upon his fellows, the uprising would never have taken place.

Still, since they were now in for it, they seemed determined to profit by the adventure, and have the game as well as the name. Thus they talked of many schemes whereby the cargo might be disposed of, some of which were so lamentably weak they were hooted down at the start, while others seemed to present certain features that appealed to the majority, and were accordingly taken under advisement.

At length to the satisfaction of the listener, who cocked his ears eagerly to catch every breath, mention was made of the prisoners, and this fact alone told him the captain and mate were alive. Again various ideas were advanced in connection with the best way of getting rid of those whose presence on board was a constant menace to the success of their unlawful schemes.

One or two proposed making them walk the plank after the good old fashion set by Captain Kidd and those gay early freebooters, and it made Julian's blood run cold to hear these rascals eagerly avow what benefits must follow the positive annihilation of those they feared; but there were others who declared such a policy not according to their fancy, and that a man of the skipper's boldness at least deserved a chance for his life. They were advocates of sending him adrift in a boat, though with a storm in prospect Julian could not for the life of him see where the mercy of this business came in.

There were some sea-lawyers among the hands, and they argued the case pro and con, though it became evident that those who were bent on the plank walking affair found themselves outvoted by the advocates of the more lingering fate.

Julian made up his mind that the thing would in all probability be finally decided just as Mate Pandy wished, when that lusty son-of-a-sea-cook recovered from his little spree and assumed command of the captured craft.

Long had the lad crouched there, fascinated by the talk that drifted to his ears, and still wishing he could slip past the knot of sailors, in order to cut the bonds of the captain; but as time chased on and nothing occurred to favor his vague plans, he realized that he must give up the idea as hopeless, and return to the cabin.

It was high time, for already the sky in the east had begun to show gray, telling that the dawn was near at hand. He fancied that the deck already appeared less dark, and feared lest the man at the wheel, taking his eyes off the bellying sails or the compass by which he directed their course, might discover the creeping figure that scuttled over toward the companionway, and shout an alarm that would bring the rough crowd whooping upon him.

Luckily this crowning disaster did not come to pass, and he managed to arrive at the door behind which Bob kept watch and ward, his heart in his throat as he afterward confessed, at each and every strange sound, though it were but the creaking of the old ship's timbers as she pushed through the reek of tumbling waters.

Gently knocking on the door he attracted the attention of the sentry beyond, and having convinced the cautious Bob that he was worthy of admittance Julian was allowed to pass beyond the portal.

Hardly had he done so, and before Bob could even make the door fast again, than eager little hands had seized upon his sleeve, and the voice of Tressie begged to know what he had learned concerning her blessed papa, proving that after all the girl may not have been so fast asleep as the young guardians supposed awhile back.

How gladly would Julian have given her joyful news had it been in his power. Still, after all, it was better than if the skipper had been killed. He concluded to say nothing at present concerning the fate to which Baxter and his mate were doomed, since it could not do Tressie any good, and doubtless she must know the same soon enough, when the mutineers began to work.

Thus morning dawned, and the dull gray light that drifted first of all in at the small cabin windows was soon succeeded by a glow of ugly red, which, in a sailor's estimation, indicated a bad day ahead.

Julian was not at all sharp-set concerning breakfast, for a night without sleep does not as a usual thing arouse one's appetite; but there was Bob who never knew the time he was not hungry, rummaging around to ascertain what he could find in the shape of biscuits and such dainties as the skipper cared to keep under lock and key near his own quarters.

There was plenty and to spare, such as it was, and they sat down to eat. Tressie nibbled at her food, nor could Julian find cause to blame the poor girl, since the father she loved was a prisoner in the hands of unscrupulous men who might think it best to put him out of the way so that he could not appear in evidence against them at some future date when they were accused of wrong doing. The thought made our young friend squirm a bit, for he realized that they were one and all in the same boat so far as this was concerned, and might be deemed dangerous witnesses.

Somehow he dreaded the awakening of the giant ex-mate.

They could hear much trampling overhead, as though the men were engaged in their customary duties, and it seemed so strange not to catch the usual cries of the officer of the deck directing their actions.

Then the brig was hove-to and rose and fell upon the waves like a vast cork. Julian knew something was about to happen, and after what he had heard while crouching near the watch he could give a pretty fair guess as to its nature.

"I declare; they're lowering a boat," said Bob, in a whisper.

That was just what the other believed, and he knew to what purpose it was intended. At least he hoped the men would be considerate enough to place a bag of biscuits and a cask of water in the little craft, ere launching the two officers upon their desperate cruise.

He and Bob stood by the small openings that served as windows, and which could be closely secured in a storm the same as an ordinary bull's-eye. Tressie was busy with the table where they had partaken of their limited breakfast, and Julian hoped she would not be attracted toward their quarter until the whole thing had passed. It would be bad enough to tell her without the sad event happening under her very eyes.

He felt a wondrous sympathy for the child, and groaned at the thought that his effort of the previous night had proven so barren.

Listening intently they could manage to catch some of the words spoken on deck. Pandy was there as big as life, bossing things with a high hand, and gloating over the misery of the man who had knocked him down once upon a time. Occasionally they caught the sound of Captain Baxter's voice, but it had a ring of defiance about it, rather than entreaty, for the old skipper was made like iron, and could stand hard knocks with the stoicism of a red Indian at the stake. If he thought of his child at this critical period in his career, he must have confided her to the care of a power that was greater than any earthly guardian.

Finally loud laughter, accompanied by jeers and cat-calls announced that the embarkation had been effected, though as yet they could not catch even a glimpse of the boat or its wretched occupants.

Orders were roared forth in the brazen tones of the new skipper, and the immediate creaking of blocks as the crew fell to work, told that the voyage was to be resumed, the voyage that was to end, no mortal could now say where.

As the brig swung around with the wind filling her canvas, and once more began to plow her way through the waves, the action brought the cast-off yawl under the observation of the boys, who noted the presence of two figures in it, already busily engaged in hoisting the small sail.

And even while they looked compassionately on the twain thus sent upon their hazardous way, at Julian's shoulder there broke forth a shrill shriek as Tressie caught sight of her father. The sound must have reached his ear, for he waved his arm, and then clasped his hands, as though invoking Heaven's blessing on the child from whom circumstances had so rudely torn him; then the yawl dipped into the hollow of the waves, and a swing of the brig, darting on her new course, shut the view forever from their eyes; and Julian was just in time to catch the falling form of the fainting girl in his arms.

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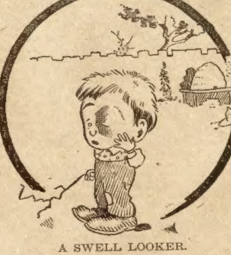

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The Blue Ridge Feud.

(Continued from page five.)

peace. I hev' hated you all along because ye was one uv they uns; an' when I thought ye hed killed my nevvew I meant ter take yer own life in return. But now, sence I find that it warn't you at all, an' that them as has done it hev' already paid the penalty uv their crime, I want t' make peace. Kin ye ever fergive an' old man who hain't many years t' live at most, fer the harm he has done ye? Ef so, here's my hand," and the old man extended his horny, toil-hardened member, while a tear gathered in the corner of his eye and slowly found its way down the labyrinth of wrinkles on his grizzled face.

Warden Deane grasped the hand in silence and the two men stood thus for the space of a minute. Then Hiram Yates turned his horse's head and rode away. Not another word was spoken, but he knew that he was forgiven.

* * * * * * *

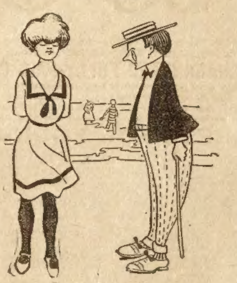
A few months later when the early frosts of autumn had covered the towering crests of the Blue Ridge with a mantle of vivid glory, there was a wedding at the cabin of Hiram Yates. The "best room" had been divested of all its furniture, and a long table extended from one end of the apartment to the other. On it in tempting profusion was spread a well-chosen variety of the "good things" the region afforded. At its head sat Hiram Yates and on either side a row of men, rough, bearded fellows, the same who not so long ago had sought each other's lives; their faces now beaming with friendship and good cheer.

Baker sat by Yates and Yates filled the cup or replenished the plate of Baker with perfect good will. At the foot of the table sat Warden Deane according to the etiquette of the mountains, and by his side Dorothy, now a blushing bride of an hour, and happy as a seraph in her newly-acquired province.

The feud was at an end.

(The end.)

Of Course.



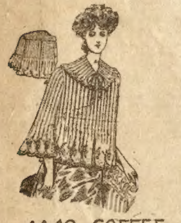
"Blanche doesn't like to go in the water; she is afraid the men would stare."

"And I suppose she would be awfully angry if they wouldn't."

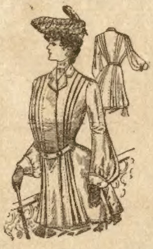
Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

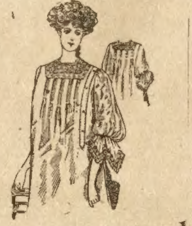
REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted---second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**



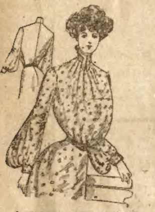
4448 COFFEE COAT 32-40 BUST.



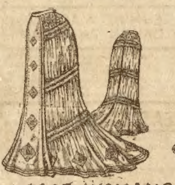
4444 TUCKED JACKET 32 40 BUST



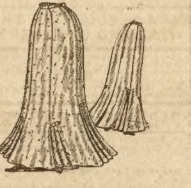
4447 NIGHT GOWN 32-40 BUST.



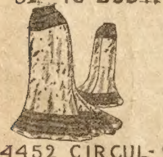
4471 PLAIN SHIRT WAIST 32-40 BUST.



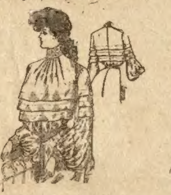
4445 WOMANS SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



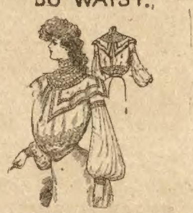
4457 WALKING SKIRT 22 30 WAIST.



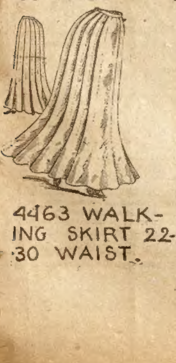
4452 CIRCULAR SKIRT 22-30 WAIST



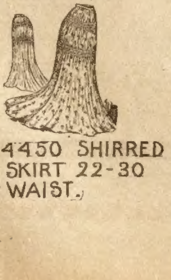
4466 MISSES TUCKED BLOUSE 12-16 YRS.



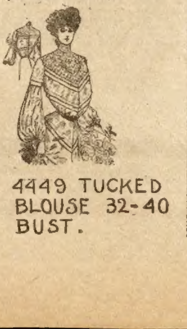
4470 MISSES WAIST 12-16 YRS.



4463 WALKING SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



4450 SHIRRED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST.



4449 TUCKED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST.

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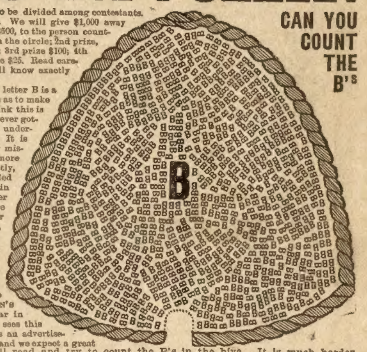
An Old Man's Sacrifice, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.
Between Man and Wife, by Rebecca Harding Davis
The Ghost of Love Lee, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
A Bartered Life, by Marion Harland.
The Moorhouse Tragedy, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
The Doctor's Story, by Miss M. E. Braddon.
The Bottle Imp, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
The Phantom Rickshaw, by Rudyard Kipling.
Two Roses of Inverness, by M. T. Caldor.
A Solicitor's Story, by Hugh Conway.
My Fellow Laborer, by H. Rider Haggard.
My Sister Kate, by Charlotte M. Braeme.
Rose Lodge, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
A Brave Coward, by Robert Louis Stevenson.
Ethel's Lovers, by Etta W. Pierce.
In the Holidays, by Mary Cecil Hay.
Who Killed Zebedee? by Wilkie Collins.
The Linden Farm Bride, by Margaret Blount.
The Other Earring, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
A Low Marriage, by Miss Mulock.
The Case of George Candlemas, by George R. Sims.
The Name Cut on a Gate, by Mary Cecil Hay.
Lee, the Letter Man, by Mrs. Henry Wood.
The Blatchford Bequest, by Hugh Conway.
The Knightsbridge Mystery, by Charles Reade.
A Daring Exploit, by Mrs. Jane G. Austin.
Cliffe House, by Etta W. Pierce.
The Pearl-Diver's Prize, by M. T. Caldor.
In One Short Year, by Hugh Conway.

WOMAN'S WORLD, 34 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFER If you will simply raise a club of two yearly subscribers to Woman's World at our special offer of 15 cents each we will send you the 30 complete novels postpaid free. Address **Woman's World, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.**

$1000 BEE HIVE PUZZLE!

CAN YOU COUNT THE B'S



Six prizes amounting to $1,000 to be divided among contestants. Not guessing, simply counting. We will give $1,000 away in cash in six prizes, 1st prize, $500, to the person counting the exact number of B's in the circle; 2nd prize, $250 to the next nearest correct; 3rd prize $100; 4th prize $75; 5th prize $50; 6th prize $25. Read carefully the conditions so you will know exactly how to send in your count.

This hive is full of B's. Each letter B is a type and the type is mixed up so as to make the B's hard to count. We think this is the best puzzle contest we have ever gotten up. It is an easy puzzle to understand but a hard one to count. It is simple, so there is no chance for misunderstanding. In case two or more persons should answer correctly, then the $500 will be divided equally among those sending in the correct answer. The other prizes will be treated the same way; that is, if there are two or more entitled to any one prize, then the cash is equally divided. This contest will close on Monday evening, August 31, 1903, at midnight. All answers sent in between now and then will be entitled to compete. This bee hive puzzle is gotten up for the purpose of advertising the WOMAN'S WORLD and making it popular in every home. Every person who sees this bee hive puzzle will know it is an advertisement for the WOMAN'S WORLD, and we expect a great many thousand persons will read and try to count the B's in the hive. It is much harder to count the B's than you think, but any one who is patient and goes at the matter carefully has a good chance to participate in the cash prizes.

It may be that you can win the 2d, 4th or even the 6th prize if you can't count the B's correctly. The publishers of the WOMAN'S WORLD have a million dollars cash capital. They own their own paper mills, printing plant, twelve story office building, and have been in business in Chicago 20 years. Any banker or business concern in the United States will tell you we are a responsible concern and do exactly as we agree. The WOMAN'S WORLD has a circulation of over 800,000 copies a month, and we want to reach the million mark by fall, if possible. The WOMAN'S WORLD is printed on fine paper profusely illustrated in colors. It has a lot of information and departments, dramatic news, household hints, puzzles, fashions, young folks departments and splendid stories by prominent writers. A great many inferior magazines charge $1.00 a year subscription but the price of the WOMAN'S WORLD is only 25 cents a year, and it is only because we have a circulation of nearly a million and have our own manufacturing plant that we can give such big value for such a small amount of money.

CONDITIONS.—Any person may enter this puzzle contest, the condition being that a subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD must accompany the count. You can send 25 cents for one year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD which entitles you to send one count, or you may send 50 cents for four year's subscription to the WOMAN'S WORLD, which will entitle you to four counts. If you are already a subscriber simply state the fact, and the new subscription will be added on to your present subscription. You can send in subscriptions for as many persons as you wish. Every subscription is entitled to one count. The more counts you send in the greater your chances are for winning more than one prize. In many towns a club of five or ten persons get together and each send in subscriptions agreeing that whatever prizes any one of the club may win is to be equally divided. It does not matter where you live nor when your answer is received so long as it is sent in before the closing of this contest. The person living on a farm has just as good a chance as one who lives in the city. At the bottom of this advertisement is a subscription and count blank. Count the number of B's in the hive, and if you send 25 cents, put in the number under the first count. Write in the figure, don't spell the number. If you send in four counts, put figures in each of the four spaces. No one knows the number of B's in the hive. The count will not be made until after the contest closes when each B will be counted by a committee then all the counts sent in by subscribers will be compared and the prizes awarded.

Every subscription we receive will be acknowledged by receipt and copy of the paper as soon as possible. Remember it takes some time to properly enter subscriptions and to take care of the large mail we receive daily, so if you do not hear from us at once, do not be alarmed. No counts can be changed after they have been sent in. If you think you have made a mistake in your first count, it will be necessary to make another subscription. Remit by Post Office or Express Order or registered letter. Remember if you send 25 cents for one year's subscription, write your count in the first space. If you send 50 cents, write a count in each of the four spaces. 25 cents entitles you to one year's subscription and one count and 50 cents entitles you to four year's subscription and four counts.

If you send in one count cross out the word four in the coupon. If you send in four counts cross out the word one in the coupon. Extra blanks will be furnished upon request. Address all communications to WOMAN'S WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

1st Count.	2nd Count.
3rd Count.	**4th Count.**

Fill Out This Subscription and Count Blank.

WOMAN'S WORLD, Boyce Building, Chicago:

Enclosed find 25 cents / 50 cents for one / four year's subscription to WOMAN'S WORLD, which entitles me to one count / four counts in your Bee Hive Puzzle. I register my one count / four counts in the blank at the left end of this coupon.

Yours truly,

Name..

Street, P. O., or Rural Route..

Town...State.............................

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

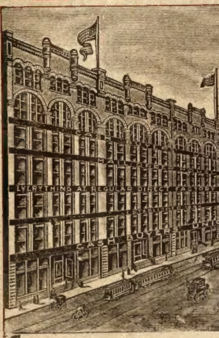
GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc

Yours truly,

Name..

Street.................................... *Town*...

Date.................................... *State*...



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Cut out the application blanks printed below; sign your full name and address and we will send you by return of mail, together with a complete set of our Catalogues, Sample-Books, Customers Pass Books, Buying Cards, etc.,

ONE SHARE OF 7 Per Cent GUARANTEED FULLY-PAID PREFERRED STOCK

Entitling you to a full membership and partnership in our immense business.
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Entitling you to a commission of 5 per cent on all goods sold in your county through your influence.
In other words—the Ten Dollars (or as much more as you care to put in) puts you

IN BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

with all the rights, privileges and immense profits on your money in one of the biggest mail-order houses of the country; enables you to ***Save Hundreds of Dollars*** on all the goods you eat, wear and use; and gives you a chance to **MAKE FROM $25 to $150 PER MONTH** in commissions on all the goods sold in your neighborhood through your influence—without any risk, expense or capital of any kind, except the small amount of money you invest in the shares and **ASSURES YOU A HANDSOME LIFE-INCOME from 7 per cent. to 40 per cent.** on your money each and every year; better interest on your spare money than any savings bank, building and loan association or any other investment could earn.

THIS IS OUR PLAN

We have been in business for 18 years, and during these years have sold millions of dollars worth of goods direct to the consumer by mail through catalogues, circulars and newspaper advertisements. Our name has become a household word in the homes of America and stands for **Honest Advertising, Good Goods and Fair Dealing** as thousands of our half-million customers have testified, of their own free will and accord in writing to us. **We wanted to increase our business**—make our institution the largest business house in the country—and in studying over the many plans of increasing a business hit upon a new plan—a liberal plan which is far and away ahead of anything ever offered to the people, a plan which is making us new friends all over the globe and is rapidly putting our business in the front rank of all the great establishments in the world.

THROUGH CO-OPERATION AND PROFIT-SHARING.

By co-operation that co-operates; by profit-sharing that does share profits. We are giving our customers an interest in our business, letting the people own the store which they patronize and by this system of **profit-sharing** are gaining the hearty co-operation of every customer, increasing our business tremendously, reducing all expenses to the lowest level ever known and are thereby enabled to sell all goods at **positively the lowest prices ever known,** far lower than our past low prices which have saved so much money to our customers; far lower than the so-called "low prices" of any other department store, catalogue house or mail-order house. The millions of people throughout the country who have learned to patronize the mail-order houses because of the great saving of money they make possible, are turning their trade into our establishment because they realize the wonderful features of our plan (the most liberal plan ever heard of); the enormous saving of money on their goods; the profits they make on the goods they help sell for us, and, above all, the splendid returns of interest on their money induces them to take hold of this new idea in trading compared with which all other methods of trade are out of date and wasteful.

AT FIRST WE MADE THIS OFFER CONFIDENTIALLY TO A FEW OF OUR OLDEST CUSTOMERS,

asked their opinion about it, and the enthusiasm with which they took hold of the idea convinced us that we had at last solved one of the greatest problems of trading; that we had at last succeeded in cutting out the last remains of the expensive, oppressive and wasteful middleman's system, and that we were justified in making our generous offer to the people at large and let them share in the great profits of the mail-order business—profits which are so large, not because of the profit charged on the goods, but because of the tremendous volume of sales.

WE GUARANTEE TO PAY YOU AT LEAST 7 PER CENT INTEREST

on your money and as our institution has made as high as 40 per cent on the capital invested, there is no reason why—with the much larger business secured through the co-operative plan—we should not be able to earn for our shareholders

ADDITIONAL DIVIDENDS AMOUNTING IN ALL TO 40 PER CENT PER YEAR

How this is done is fully explained in our "Book of Information," which we send to all shareholders **free of charge.** This book fully explains all the details of our business; the wonderful earnings of the co-operative societies of the world, and if you have any hesitancy about sending your money, and are willing to take the chances of being too late, write for the book today. **A return of more than thirty times the investment in six years.** The tremendous earning power of the mail-order business is history. One of the pioneers in the business, as long as twenty-five years ago, started with a small office and having little or no money, offered a half-interest in his plant for $2,000, which money he desired for the expansion of the business. He was refused. Today this same $2,000 half-interest is worth $3,000,000 and not for sale at any price. And all this vast capital has been piled up by profits of the business. For another example: Eight years ago a Chicago capitalist entered a newly started mail order business. He contributed to the capital of the firm less than $40,000. During the six years of his active connection with the business he withdrew many times his original investment in dividends, and finally he sold his interest for considerable over a million dollars. Six years in the mail-order business netted him **more than thirty times** his original investment. All this was done under close individual partnership, with limited capital and without the tremendous co-operation and selling force of an army of thousands of co-operative stockholders. The business of two of the largest mail-order houses combined amounts to $35,000,000 annually and yields a profit of $1,400,000 on a total capitalization of less than $4,000,000 or **35 per cent on the investment.** With such achievements by private individuals, a strongly co-operative organization with a capital greater than that of all others combined **with the most skilled force of managers and employes recruited from its own shareholders** will without question, achieve still greater results both in point of sales and net profits produced.

OUR IRON-CLAD GUARANTEE

Every dollar received in payment of the membership and profit-sharing certificate of stock goes right into the business; not one cent is paid to promoters or fiscal agents, but the entire amount subscribed, without deduction of any kind, is used for the development of the business; for the buying and manufacturing of merchandise of every description and other business purposes. The whole property of the company, its entire plant, stocks of merchandise, cash in banks and on hand; all its assets, property, property rights, trade-marks, trade-rights and good will are the security for both the principal and the interest on your money. Not one cent of the dividend can be paid to anyone until the holders of our preferred shares have first been paid their guaranteed 7 per cent each and every year.

DO NOT CONFOUND OUR LIBERAL OFFER

of making you a partner in our business with any of the many schemes in which you are asked to join—a mining company or an oil-well concern. They are all speculations and ninety-nine out of every hundred of such schemes make alluring offers of large returns which they cannot fulfill, because if the gold mine does not show the gold which you are prospecting for, or the oil-well which you have dug refuses to spout or peters out—your money is lost. There is no such chance, no such risk in putting your money into legitimate, high-grade business which is **a going and money-making concern,** with a successful record of 18 years standing and which

SELLS EVERYTHING FROM A NEEDLE TO A THRESHING MACHINE
EVERYTHING YOU EAT, WEAR AND USE EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

OUR REFERENCES

We have advertised in every paper and magazine of value since its very beginning and we are well known to thousands of the readers of this paper who are now our customers. We can refer you to people right in your own town who have done business with us and who can tell you about our reliability. We also refer and you can write for full information to the First National Bank of Chicago, the second largest bank in the country, with a capital of nearly Eight Million Dollars; to the Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank of Chicago with a capital and surplus of over $550,000; to any other bank or reputable business house in Chicago; to Dunn's or Bradstreet's Mercantile Agencies, whose reports concerning our institution you can secure through your own banker at home; to any railroad or express company to whom we are known as large shippers; to the publisher of this paper who will be glad to furnish you the fullest information concerning our business and the security of any investment you may make with us.

YOU ARE INVITED TO BECOME A PARTNER IN OUR GREAT BUSINESS

and share in its profits in the exact proportion of your contribution to the capital and the amount of goods you buy, and which are bought by all our other customers. **We have Divided the Capital into Shares** of $10.00 each, so that you, even if you have but the most modest means, can take advantage of this truly wonderful opportunity to—

(1) **Invest your money and draw dividends of no less than 7 per cent each and every year, with the possibility of earning as high as 40 per cent and more on every dollar invested.**
(2) **Buy your goods at the lowest prices ever known and get an additional discount of 5 per cent (practically all the net profit) on everything you buy.**
(3) **Make money by co-operating with us and get a commission of 5 per cent on all the new business you help us get.**

WE SELL

AT LOWER PRICES

than all others, and issue complete catalogues of

Athletic Goods
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Baby Carriages
Bicycles
Bicycle Sundries
Boots and Shoes
Cloaks, Suits and Furs
Clocks
Clothing, Ready-to-Wear
Clothing, Made-to-Order
Crockery and Glassware
Furnishing Goods
Furniture
Groceries
Guns and Sporting Goods
Harness and Saddlery
Hats and Caps
Hosiery
Housefurnishing Goods
Jewelry and Silverware
Lamps
Millinery
Mackintoshes and Rain Coats
Moving Picture Machines
Musical Instruments
Optical Goods
Organs and Pianos
Photographic Goods
Public Entertainment Outfits
Refrigerators
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Underwear
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Cutlery
Dairy Supplies
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Dry Goods
Electrical Goods
Fishing Tackle
Furnaces
Hardware
Ladies' Wearing Apparel
Miners' and Prospectors' Outfits
Notions
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Tinware
Tombstones
Tools of Every Description
Toys
Wall Paper
Woodenware
In fact, a complete Line of

General Merchandise.

Write for any of these FREE Catalogues.

CO-OPERATION AND CO-OPERATIVE DEALING

Is the Watchword of the Age. It is the last and final step in abolishing the middleman and middleman's profits. The shareholders of a Co-operative Society form a trust—a buying trust—which eliminates all go-betweens; which by reason of its enormous business can buy or manufacture all its goods for less money than any other business house; which sells to its shareholders at actual cost and divides between the shareholders all the profit made on the goods sold to non-members all over the world. In our book which we send to all shareholders free of charge we mention the experience of the shareholders of Co-operative Societies. One shareholder took a $5.00 share of the society and at the end of the year found his account credited with $19.00.

NEARLY THREE HUNDRED PERCENT PROFIT

on his small investment, which means that he bought his own goods at less than the regular market price and received on his money better interest than he could secure in any other way. Before submitting our plan we have taken the advice of many prominent bankers, lawyers, manufacturers, business men and a number of our oldest customers, all of whom have pronounced it perfect. All prophesied that it would "take like wild fire," and the only difficulty they foresaw was that we would have to disappoint thousands of people who would be anxious to join us.

WE URGE YOU IN YOUR OWN INTEREST

to send in your own application at once and not take a chance at losing the wonderful advantage we offer, and which you cannot secure from any other source or by any other means. From present indications the entire capital will be subscribed within 30 days, and we must then close our membership. If for any reason you do not wish or cannot take right now the number of shares you would like to have, send us your subscription and remittance for whatever you can and we will, if you so request, reserve an equal number of shares for future delivery. **For Example:** if you subscribe and pay for one $10.00 share now, we will reserve one more share for you to be paid for later on; if you subscribe and pay for five (5) shares now, we will reserve five (5) additional shares to be paid for later on, but we reserve the right to cancel this reservation at any time if the demand for cash shares does not justify us in keeping in force this reservation.

YOU MUST ACT AT ONCE. DO IT TODAY. DON'T DELAY.

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